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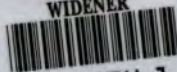
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ENGLISH

CLASSICS

FOR SCHOOL READING

TALES FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY

IN PROSE AND VERSE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM J. HONNOR

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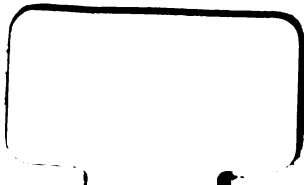


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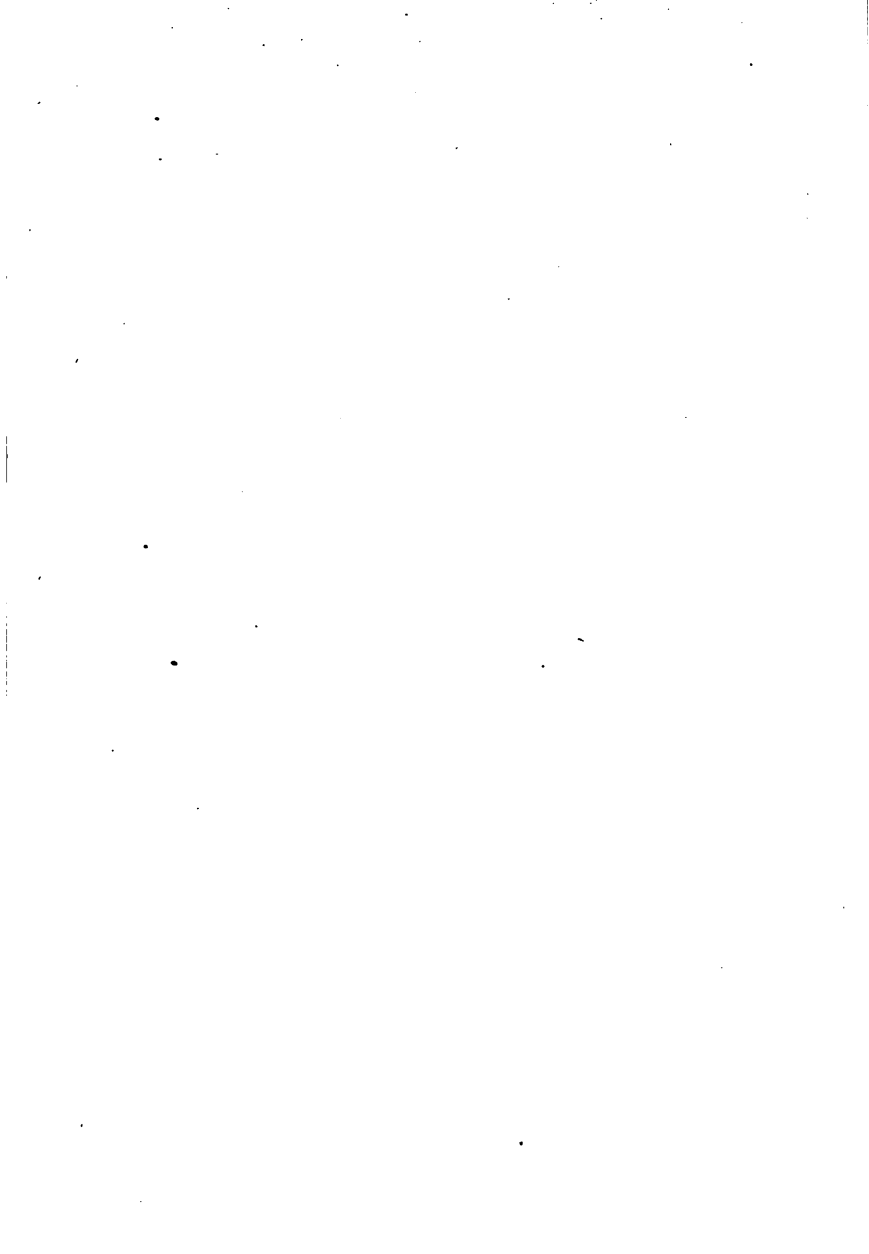


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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

English Classics for School Reading.

TALES FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS
OF
STANDARD AUTHORS.

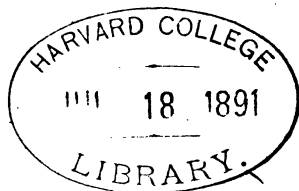
EDITED, WITH NOTES,
BY
WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
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1891.

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The Editor

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PREFACE.

THE plan of this book is similar to that of the *Tales from English History* and the *Tales of Chivalry*. "My aim," as I said in the preface to the latter, "is to edit certain selections from standard prose and poetry suited either for 'supplementary reading,' as it is called, or for elementary *study* in English literature. The brief foot-notes under the text are perhaps all that some teachers will regard as necessary for the former purpose; but I believe that the longer notes at the end of the book will be found more or less useful and suggestive for oral instruction in connection with the reading-lessons. These latter notes, however, are more especially designed for the other purpose I have mentioned—elementary *study* of language and literature. They have been prepared with much care, and I am confident that they will be perfectly intelligible to boys and girls in grammar schools and others of similar grade."

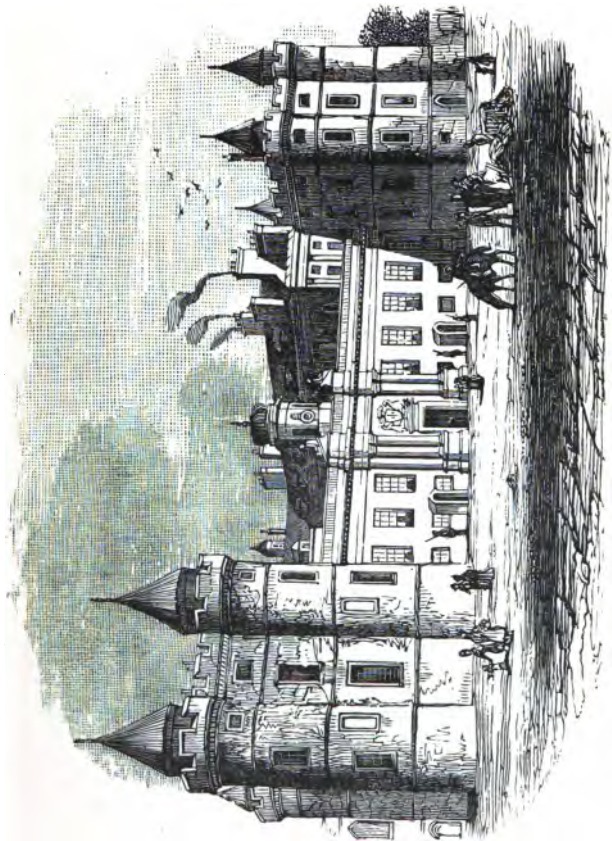
How I think the books should be used is explained in a little pamphlet of "Hints to Teachers," which may be obtained, post-free, from the publishers.

The selections are arranged in historical or chronological order, and the book is complete in itself, as every volume of the series is intended to be.

Of the selections from Scott, the two concerning Mary Queen of Scots are condensed from *The Abbot*, the *Rob Roy* is from the introduction to the novel with that title, and *The Battle of Preston Pans* is from *Waverley*. The rest are from the *Tales of a Grandfather*.

W. J. R.

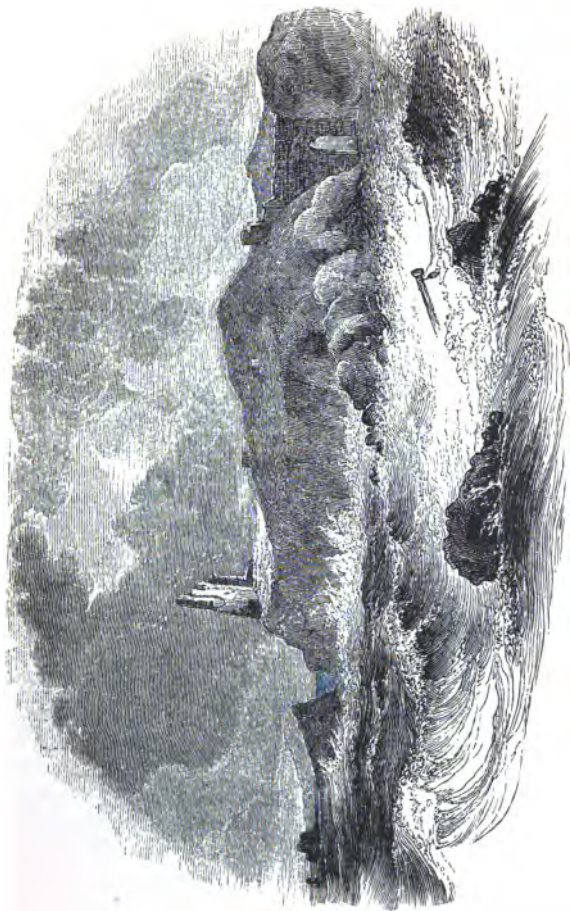
CAMBRIDGE, March 24, 1891.



HOLYROOD PALACE.

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VIEW ON SCOTCH SEA-COAST.



TALES FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

FROM SCOTT'S "BORDER MINSTRELSY."

THE king sits in Dunfermline¹ town,
Drinking the blude-red² wine :
"O, where will I get a skeely³ skipper
To sail this new ship of mine?"

O, up and spake an eldern⁴ knight, 5
Sat at the king's right knee :
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea."

Our king has written a braid⁵ letter, 10
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

"To Norway, to Norway,
To Norway o'er the faem ;⁶
The king's daughter of Norway, 15
'T is thou maun⁷ bring her hame⁸ !"

¹ Pronounced Düm-fer'-lin.

² Blood-red.

³ Skilful.

⁴ Aged.

⁵ Broad (bråde).

⁶ Foam (pronounced fāme).

⁷ Must.

⁸ Home.

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
 Sae¹ loud loud laughed he ;
 The neist² word that Sir Patrick read,
 The tear blindit his e'e.³

20

“O, wha⁴ is this has done this deed,
 And tauld⁵ the king o' me,
 To send us out at this time o' the year
 To sail upon the sea ?

“Be it wind, be it weat,⁶ be it hail, be it sleet,
 Our ship must sail the faem ;
 The king's daughter of Norway,
 'T is we must fetch her hame.”

25

They hoysed⁷ their sails on Monenday⁸ morn
 Wi' a'⁹ the speed they may ;
 They hae¹⁰ landed in Noroway
 Upon a Wodensday.¹¹

30

They hadna¹² been a week, a week,
 In Norway, but twae,¹³
 When that the lords o' Norway
 Began aloud to say :

35

“Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's gowd¹⁴
 And a' our queenis¹⁵ fee.”—
 “Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud !
 Fu'¹⁶ loud I hear ye lie !

40

¹ So (pronounced like *say*).

² Next (pronounced *nēst*).

³ Blinded his eye. ⁴ Who (*a* as in *all*). ⁵ Told. ⁶ Wet.

⁷ Hoisted. ⁸ Monday. ⁹ All (*a* as in *all*). ¹⁰ Have (*hā*).

¹¹ Wednesday. ¹² Had not. ¹³ Two (*twā*).

¹⁴ Gold (*ow* as in *cow*). ¹⁵ Queen's. ¹⁶ Full.

“For I hae brought as much white monie
 As gane¹ my men and me ;
 And I brought a half-fou² of gude³ red gowd
 Out owre⁴ the sea wi’ me.

“Make ready, make ready, my merry men a’!
 Our gude ship sails the morn.”— 45

“Now, ever alack⁵! my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm.

“I saw the new moon, late yestreen,⁶
 Wi’ the auld⁷ moon in her arm ; 50
 And if we gang⁸ to sea, master,
 I fear we ’ll come to harm.”

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
 A league, but barely three,
 When the lift⁹ grew dark, and the wind blew loud, 55
 And gurly¹⁰ grew the sea.

The ankers brak¹¹ and the topmasts lap,¹²
 It was sic¹³ a deadly storm ;
 And the waves cam’ owre the broken ship
 Till a’ her sides were torn. 60

“O, where will I get a gude sailor
 To take my helm in hand
 Till I get up to the tall topmast
 To see if I can spy land?”

“O, here am I, a sailor gude, 65
 To take the helm in hand
 Till you go up to the tall topmast—
 But I fear you ’ll ne’er spy land.”

¹ Sufficed. ² Half-bushel. ³ Good. ⁴ Over (like *d'er*).

⁵ Alack. ⁶ Yester-eve, last night. ⁷ Old. ⁸ Go.

⁹ Sky. ¹⁰ Stormy. ¹¹ Broke. ¹² Sprang. ¹³ Such.

He hadna gane¹ a step, a step,
 A step, but barely ane,² 70
 When a bout³ flew out of our goodly ship,
 And the salt sea it cam' in.

“Gae⁴ fetch a web o' the silken claith,⁵
 Another o' the twine,
 And wap⁶ them into our ship's side, 75
 And let nae⁷ the sea come in.”

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
 Another o' the twine,
 And they wapped them round that gude ship's
 side;
 But still the sea cam' in. 80

O, laith,⁸ laith were our gude Scots lords
 To weet their cork-heeled shoon,⁹
 But lang¹⁰ or¹¹ a' the play was played
 They wat¹² their hats aboon!¹³

And mony¹⁴ was the feather bed 85
 That flattered¹⁵ on the faem;
 And mony was the gude lord's son
 That never mair¹⁶ cam' hame!

The ladyes wrang their fingers white,
 The maidens tore their hair, 90
 A' for the sake of their true loves;
 For them they'll see nae¹⁷ mair.

¹ Gone.² One (āne).³ Bolt.⁴ Go (gā).⁵ Cloth (clāth).⁶ Wrap.⁷ Not.⁸ Loath.⁹ Shoes.¹⁰ Long.¹¹ Before.¹² Wet.¹³ Above.¹⁴ Many.¹⁵ Flattered, floated.¹⁶ More.¹⁷ No.

O, lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens 95
Come sailing to the strand!

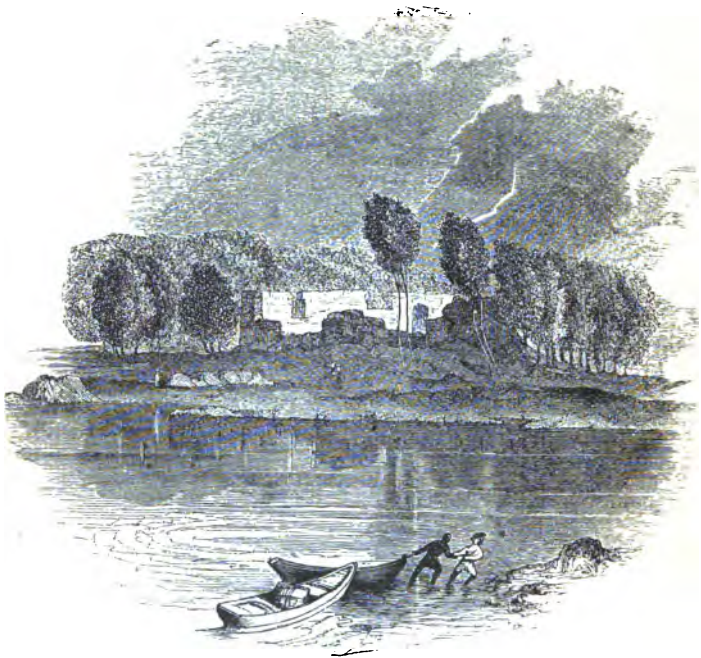
And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims¹ in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain² dear loves ;
For them they 'll see nae mair! 100

O, forty miles off Aberdeen
'T is fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens.
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

¹ Combs.

² Own.





CASTLE OF ROBERT BRUCE, LOCHMABEN.

ROBERT THE BRUCE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ROBERT THE BRUCE had fixed his purpose to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John the Red Comyn,¹ who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce posted down

¹ Pronounced Cūm'-in. See *Notes*.

from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known ¹⁰ with certainty; but they quarrelled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his ¹⁵ purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood and struck Comyn a blow ²⁰ with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce, were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, bloody, and in much agitation, they ²⁵ eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt,"¹ said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick. "I will make sicker!"—that is, I will make ³⁰ certain.

Accordingly, he and his companion Lindesay rushed into the church and made the matter certain with a vengeance, by dispatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers. His uncle, Sir Robert Comyn, was slain ³⁵ at the same time.

This slaughter of Comyn was a rash and cruel action; and the historian of Bruce observes that it was followed

¹ Suspect.

by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although 40 he at length rose to great honor.

After the deed was done, Bruce might be called desperate. He had committed an action which was sure to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Comyn's relations, the resentment of the King of England, and the 45 displeasure of the Church, on account of having slain his enemy within consecrated ground. He determined, therefore, to bid them all defiance at once, and to assert his pretensions to the throne of Scotland. He drew his own followers together, summoned to meet him such 50 barons as still entertained hopes of the freedom of the country, and was crowned king at the Abbey of Scone, the usual place where the kings of Scotland assumed their authority.

Everything relating to the ceremony was hastily per- 55 formed. A small circlet of gold was hurriedly made, to represent the ancient crown of Scotland, which Edward had carried off to England. The Earl of Fife, descendant of the brave Macduff, whose duty it was to have placed the crown on the king's head, would not give his 60 attendance. But the ceremonial was performed by his sister, Isabella, Countess of Buchan,¹ though without the consent either of her brother or husband. A few barons, whose names ought to be dear to their country, joined Bruce in his attempt to vindicate the independence of 65 Scotland.

Edward was dreadfully incensed when he heard that, after all the pains which he had taken and all the blood which had been spilled, the Scots were making this new attempt to shake off his authority. Though now old, 70

¹ Bū'-chan (*cA* like *Æ*).

feeble, and sickly, he made a solemn vow, at a great festival, in presence of all his court, that he would take the most ample vengeance upon Robert the Bruce and his adherents; after which he would never again draw his sword upon a Christian, but would only fight against the unbelieving Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land. He marched against Bruce accordingly, at the head of a powerful army. 75

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on the 29th March, 1306. 80 On the 18th May he was excommunicated by the pope, on account of the murder of Comyn within consecrated ground, a sentence which excluded him from all the benefits of religion and authorized any one to kill him. Finally, on the 19th June, the new king was completely defeated near Methven¹ by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose 90 to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape. The conquerors executed their prisoners with their usual cruelty. Among these were some gallant young men of the first Scottish families—Hay, ancestor of the Earls of Errol, Somerville, 95 Fraser, and others, who were mercilessly put to death.

Bruce, with a few brave adherents, among whom was the young Lord of Douglas, who was afterwards called the Good Lord James, retired into the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge 100 to another, often in great danger and suffering many hardships. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland,

¹ Meth'-ven.

with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his followers during their wanderings. There was no other way of providing for them save by hunting and 105 fishing. It was remarked that Douglas was the most active and successful in procuring for the unfortunate ladies such supplies as his dexterity in fishing or in killing deer could furnish to them.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, 110 starved out of some districts and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere. The M'Dougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, were friendly to the English, and, putting 115 their men in arms, attacked Bruce and his wandering companions as soon as they attempted to enter their territory. The chief of these M'Dougals, called John of Lorn, hated Bruce on account of his having slain the Red Comyn, to whom this M'Dougal was nearly related. 120 Bruce was again defeated by this chief, through force of numbers, at a place called Dalry; but he showed, amidst his misfortunes, the greatness of his strength and courage. He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and, placing himself last of the party, he fought 125 with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard on them. Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, called M'Androsser,¹ all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this 130 redoubted² champion or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed on the king at once. Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass we have described, betwixt a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first

¹ M'An-dross'er.

² Formidable.

man who came up and seized his horse's rein such a ¹³⁵ blow with his sword as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the meantime by the leg and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The king, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal sud- ¹⁴⁰ denly spring forward, so that the Highlander fell under the horse's feet; and, as he was endeavoring to rise again, Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the king and grasped him by the mantle so close to ¹⁴⁵ his body that he could not have room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel of that weapon, or, as others say, with an iron hammer which hung at his saddle-bow, the king struck this third assailant so dreadful a blow that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, ¹⁵⁰ the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the king's mantle; so that, to be free of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch, or clasp, by which it was fastened, and leave that and the mantle itself behind him. The brooch, which fell thus into the possession ¹⁵⁵ of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family, as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor. Robert greatly resented this attack upon him, and when he was in happier circumstances did not fail ¹⁶⁰ to take his revenge on M'Dougal, or, as he is usually called, John of Lorn.

The king met with many such encounters amidst his dangerous and dismal wanderings; yet, though almost always defeated by the superior numbers of the English ¹⁶⁵ and of such Scots as sided with them, he still kept up his own spirits and those of his followers. He was a

better scholar than was usual in those days, when, except clergymen, few people received much education. But King Robert had been well instructed in the learning of the times; and we are told that he sometimes read aloud to his companions, to amuse them when they were crossing the great Highland lakes in such wretched leaky boats as they could find for that purpose. Loch Lomond, in particular, is said to have witnessed such scenes. You may see by this how useful it is to possess knowledge and accomplishments. If Bruce could not have read to his associates and diverted their thoughts from their dangers and sufferings, he might not perhaps have been able to keep up their spirits or secure their continued attachment.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert that he was obliged to separate himself from his queen and her ladies; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his queen with the Countess of Buchan and others in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie,¹ and is situated near the head of the River Don in Aberdeenshire. The king also left his youngest brother, Nigel² Bruce, to defend the castle against the English; and he himself, with his second brother Edward, who was a very brave man but still more rash and passionate than Robert himself, went over to an island called Rachrin,³ on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men that followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306. In the meantime ill luck seemed to pursue all his friends in Scotland. The Castle of Kildrummie was taken by the

¹ Kil-drum'-mie.² Ni'-gel.³ Rach'-rin (*ch* like *k*).

English, and Nigel Bruce, a beautiful and brave youth, 200 was cruelly put to death by the victors. The ladies who had attended on Robert's queen, as well as the queen herself, and the Countess of Buchan, were thrown into strict confinement and treated with the utmost severity. 205

The Countess of Buchan had given Edward great offence by being the person who placed the crown on the head of Robert Bruce. She was imprisoned within the Castle of Berwick,¹ in a cage made on purpose. Some Scottish authors have pretended that this cage was hung 210 over the walls with the poor countess, like a parrot's cage out at a window. But this is their own ignorant idea. The cage of the Lady Buchan was a strong wooden and iron piece of framework, placed within an apartment, and resembling one of those places in which wild beasts 215 are confined. There were such cages in most old prisons to which captives were consigned, who, either for mutiny or any other reason, were to be confined with peculiar rigor.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity 220 of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was about this time that an incident took place which, although it rests only on tradition in families of 225 the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the times. After receiving the last displeasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had not better resign all thoughts of again attempt- 230 ing to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and,

¹ Pronounced Ber'-rick (*er* as in *peril*).

dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought, perhaps, he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I have no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland;

but if the spider shall fail I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."

While Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce so completely persuaded of the truth of this story that they would not on any account kill a spider; because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the Island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The king landed, and inquired of the first woman he met what armed men were in the island. She returned for answer that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the Castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The king, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band.

When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well and cried out that yonder was the king, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions ³⁰⁰ hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were ³⁰⁵ stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country in spite of all that had yet happened.

The Bruce was now within sight of Scotland, and not distant from his own family possessions, where the people were most likely to be attached to him. He began ³¹⁰ immediately to form plans with Douglas how they might best renew their enterprise against the English. The Douglas resolved to go disguised to his own country and raise his own followers, in order to begin their enterprise by taking revenge on an English nobleman ³¹⁵ called Lord Clifford, upon whom Edward had conferred his estates, and who had taken up his residence in the Castle of Douglas.

Bruce, on his part, opened a communication with the opposite coast of Carrick, by means of one of his follow- ³²⁰ ers called Cuthbert. This person had directions that, if he should find the countrymen in Carrick disposed to take up arms against the English, he was to make a fire on a headland, or lofty cape, called Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, opposite to the Island of Arran. The ³²⁵ appearance of a fire on this place was to be a signal for Bruce to put to sea with such men as he had, who were not more than three hundred in number, for the purpose of landing in Carrick and joining the insurgents.

Bruce and his men watched eagerly for the signal, but ³³⁰

for some time in vain. At length a fire on Turnberry-head became visible, and the king and his followers merrily betook themselves to their ships and galleys, concluding their Carrick friends were all in arms and ready to join with them. They landed on the beach at ³³⁵ midnight, where they found their spy Cuthbert alone in waiting for them, with very bad news. Lord Percy, he said, was in the country, with two or three hundred Englishmen, and had terrified the people so much, both by threats and actions, that none of them dared to think of ³⁴⁰ rebelling against King Edward.

"Traitor!" said Bruce, "why, then, did you make the signal?"

"Alas," replied Cuthbert, "the fire was not made by me, but by some other person, for what purpose I know ³⁴⁵ not; but as soon as I saw it burning I knew that you would come over, thinking it my signal, and therefore I came down to wait for you on the beach, to tell you how the matter stood."

King Robert's first idea was to return to Arran after ³⁵⁰ this disappointment, but his brother Edward refused to go back. "I will not leave my native land," he said, "now that I am so unexpectedly restored to it. I will give freedom to Scotland or leave my carcass on the surface of the land which gave me birth." ³⁵⁵

Bruce also, after some hesitation, determined that, since he had been thus brought to the mainland of Scotland, he would remain there, and take such adventure and fortune as Heaven should send him.

Accordingly, he began to skirmish with the English ³⁶⁰ so successfully as obliged the Lord Percy to quit Carrick. Bruce then dispersed his men upon various adventures against the enemy, in which they were generally suc-

cessful. But then, on the other hand, the king, being left with small attendance or sometimes almost alone, ran great risk of losing his life by treachery or by open violence.

At one time, a near relation of Bruce's, in whom he entirely confided, was induced by the bribes of the English to attempt to put him to death. This villain, with his two sons, watched the king one morning till he saw him separated from all his men excepting a little boy who waited on him as a page. The father had a sword in his hand, one of the sons had a sword and a spear, the other had a sword and a battle-axe. Now, when the king saw them so well armed when there were no enemies near, he began to call to mind some hints which had been given to him that these men intended to murder him. He had no weapons except his sword, but his page had a bow and arrow. He took them both from the little boy, and bade him stand at a distance; "For," said the king, "if I overcome these traitors, thou shalt have enough of weapons: but, if I am slain by them, you may make your escape and tell Douglas and my brother to revenge my death." The boy was very sorry, for he loved his master; but he was obliged to do as he was bidden.

In the meantime the traitors came forward upon Bruce, that they might assault him at once. The king called out to them and commanded them to come no nearer upon peril of their lives; but the father answered with flattering words, pretending great kindness, and still continuing to approach his person. Then the king again called to them to stand. "Traitors," said he, "ye have sold my life for English gold; but you shall die if you come one foot nearer to me." With that he bent

the page's bow; and, as the old conspirator continued to advance, he let the arrow fly at him. Bruce was an excellent archer; he aimed his arrow so well that it hit the father in the eye, and penetrated from that into his⁴⁰⁰ brain, so that he fell down dead. Then the two sons rushed on the king. One of them fetched a blow at him with an axe, but missed his stroke and stumbled, so that the king with his great sword cut him down before he could recover his feet. The remaining traitor ran on⁴⁰⁵ Bruce with his spear; but the king, with a sweep of his sword, cut the steel head off the villain's weapon, and then killed him before he had time to draw his sword. Then the little page came running, very joyful of his master's victory; and the king wiped his bloody sword,⁴¹⁰ and, looking upon the dead bodies, said, "These might have been reputed three gallant men if they could have resisted the temptation of covetousness."

In the present day, it is not necessary that generals or great officers should fight with their own hand, be-⁴¹⁵ cause it is only their duty to direct the movements and exertions of their followers. The artillery and the soldiers shoot at the enemy; and men seldom mingle together and fight hand to hand. But in ancient times kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves⁴²⁰ into the very front of the battle, and fight like ordinary men with the lance and other weapons. It was, therefore, of great consequence that they should be strong men and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was so remarkably active and powerful that he⁴²⁵ came through a great many personal dangers, in which he must otherwise have been slain.

After the death of these three traitors, Robert the Bruce continued to keep himself concealed in his own

earldom of Carrick and in the neighboring county of 430
Galloway, until he should have matters ready for a gen-
eral attack upon the English. He was obliged, in the
meantime, to keep very few men with him, both for the
sake of secrecy and from the difficulty of finding pro-
visions. Now, many of the people of Galloway were 435
unfriendly to Bruce. They lived under the government
of one M'Dougal, related to the Lord of Lorn, who had
defeated Bruce at Dalry and very nearly killed or made
him prisoner. These Galloway men had heard that
Bruce was in their country, having no more than sixty 440
men with him; so they resolved to attack him by sur-
prise, and for this purpose they got two hundred men
together and brought with them two or three blood-
hounds. These animals were trained to chase a man
by the scent of his footsteps, as foxhounds chase a fox, 445
or as beagles and harriers chase a hare. Although the
dog does not see the person whose trace he is put upon,
he follows him over every step he has taken. At that
time these bloodhounds, or sleuthhounds¹ (so called from
slot or *sleut*, a word which signifies the scent left by an 450
animal of chase), were used for the purpose of pursuing
great criminals. The men of Galloway thought them-
selves secure, that if they missed taking Bruce or killing
him at the first onset, and if he should escape into the
woods, they would find him out by means of these blood- 455
hounds.

The good King Robert Bruce, who was always watch-
ful and vigilant, had received some information of the
intention of this party to come upon him suddenly and
by night. Accordingly, he quartered his little troop of 460
sixty men on the side of a deep and swift-running river,

¹ Sleuth'-hounds (*eu* like *ū*).

that had very steep and rocky banks. There was but one ford by which this river could be crossed in that neighborhood, and that ford was deep and narrow, so that two men could scarcely get through abreast; the ⁴⁶⁵ ground on which they were to land on the side where the king was, was steep, and the path which led upwards from the water's edge to the top of the bank extremely narrow and difficult.

Bruce caused his men to lie down to take some sleep, ⁴⁷⁰ at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself with two attendants went down to watch the ford, through which the enemy must needs pass before they could come to the place where King Robert's men were lying. He stood for some time looking at the ⁴⁷⁵ ford, and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there, providing it was bravely defended, when he heard at a distance the baying of a hound, which was always coming nearer and nearer. This was the bloodhound which was tracing the king's steps to ⁴⁸⁰ the ford where he had crossed, and the two hundred Galloway men were along with the animal and guided by it. Bruce at first thought of going back to awaken his men; but then he reflected that it might be only some shepherd's dog. "My men," he said, "are sorely ⁴⁸⁵ tired; I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur, till I know something more of the matter." So he stood and listened; and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he began to hear a trampling of horses, and the voices of men, and the ringing and clat- ⁴⁹⁰ tering of armor, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the river-side. Then the king thought, "If I go back to give my men the alarm, these Galloway men will get through the ford without opposition; and that

would be a pity, since it is a place so advantageous to ⁴⁹⁵ make defence against them." So he looked again at the steep path and the deep river, and he thought that they gave him so much advantage that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand until his men came to assist him. His armor was so good and strong ⁵⁰⁰ that he had no fear of arrows, and therefore the combat was not so very unequal as it must have otherwise been. He therefore sent his followers to waken his men, and remained alone by the bank of the river.

In the meanwhile, the noise and trampling of the ⁵⁰⁵ horses increased ; and, the moon being bright, Bruce beheld the glancing arms of about two hundred men, who came down to the opposite bank of the river. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged ⁵¹⁰ into the river without minding him. But as they could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear, and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, ⁵¹⁵ kicking and plunging in his agonies, on the narrow path, and so prevented the others who were following from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows at pleasure among them, while they could not strike at him again. In the confusion, five or ⁵²⁰ six of the enemy were slain, or, having been borne down the current, were drowned in the river. The rest were terrified and drew back.

But when the Galloway men looked again, and saw they were opposed by only one man, they themselves ⁵²⁵ being so many, they cried out that their honor would be lost forever if they did not force their way, and en-

couraged each other with loud cries to plunge through and assault him. But by this time the king's soldiers came up to his assistance, and the Galloway men re-⁵³⁰ treated and gave up their enterprize.

About the time when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer de Valence,¹ who was Earl of Pembroke, together with John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being at the head of a large ⁵³⁵ body of men. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him, which it was said had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself; and, having been fed by the king with his own hands, it became attached to him and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known ⁵⁴⁰ to trace their master's steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound John of Lorn thought he should certainly find out Bruce and take revenge on him for the death of his relation Comyn.

When these two armies advanced upon King Robert, ⁵⁴⁵ he at first thought of fighting with the English earl; but, becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving round with another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time, lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose, the king di-⁵⁵⁰ vided the men he had with him into three bodies, and commanded them to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which party to pursue. He also appointed a place at which they were to assemble again. But when John of Lorn came to the ⁵⁵⁵ place where the army of Bruce had been thus divided, the bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two, and then John of Lorn knew that the king must be in that party; so he also

¹ Ay'-mer de Val'-ence (*Ay* like *ā*, and *de* as in *under*).

made no pursuit after the two other divisions of the Scots, but followed that which the dog pointed out with all his men. 560

The king again saw that he was followed by a large body, and, being determined to escape from them if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves in different ways, thinking thus that the enemy must needs lose trace of him. He kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster-brother, or the son of his nurse. When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it had snuffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the whole number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to follow hard, and either make him prisoner or slay him. The Highlanders started off accordingly, and ran so fast that they gained sight of Robert and his foster-brother. The king asked his companion what help he could give him, and his foster-brother answered he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn, and killed them all. It is to be supposed they were better armed than the others were, as well as stronger and more desperate. 570
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But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopped for an instant they heard the cry of the bloodhound behind them, and knew by that that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length they came to a wood, through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster-brother, "Let us wade 590

down this stream for a great way, instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy hound will lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him I should not be afraid 595 of getting away from the pursuers." Accordingly the king and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore on the farther side from the en-600emy, and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves. In the meanwhile, the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the king went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next; for you are well aware 605 that the running water could not retain the scent of a man's foot, like that which remains on turf. So John of Lorn, seeing the dog was at fault, as it is called, that is, had lost the track of what he pursued, gave up the chase and returned to join with Aymer de Valence. 610

But King Robert's adventures were not yet ended. His foster-brother and he had rested themselves in the wood, but they had got no food and were become extremely hungry. They walked on, however, in hopes of coming to some habitation. At length, in the midst of 615 the forest, they met with three men who looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed, and one of them bore a sheep on his back, which it seemed as if they had just stolen. They saluted the king civilly; and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they 620 were going. The men answered they were seeking for Robert Bruce, for that they intended to join with him. The king answered that if they would go with him, he would conduct them where they would find the Scottish king. Then the man who had spoken changed counte-625

nance, and Bruce, who looked sharply at him, began to suspect that the ruffian guessed who he was, and that he and his companions had some design against his person, in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life.

630

So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other, you must go before us, and we will follow near to you."

"You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us," answered the man.

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"Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I choose to travel."

The men did as he commanded, and thus they travelled till they came together to a waste and ruinous cottage, where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep which their companion was carrying. The king was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself and his foster-brother at one end of the house, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves, and gave another to the king and his attendant.

They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but, as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape and partook of it very heartily.

Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert that, for all the danger he was in, he could not resist an inclination to sleep. But first he desired his foster-brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster-brother promised to keep awake, and did his best to keep his word. But the king had not been long asleep ere his foster-brother

fell into a deep slumber also, for he had undergone as much fatigue as the king. When the three villains saw ⁶⁶⁰ the king and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other and, rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose to kill them both. But the king slept but lightly, and for as little noise as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by it, and starting up drew his ⁶⁶⁵ sword and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster-brother with his foot, to awaken him, and he got on his feet; but, ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay the king killed him ⁶⁷⁰ with a stroke of his sword. The king was now alone, one man against three, and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength, and the good armor which he wore, freed him once more from this great peril, and he killed the three men, one after another. He then ⁶⁷⁵ left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster-brother, and took his direction towards the place where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was now near night, and, the place of meeting being a farm-house, he went boldly into it, ⁶⁸⁰ where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scots-woman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The king answered that he was a traveller, who was journeying through the country. ⁶⁸⁵

“All travellers,” answered the good woman, “are welcome here, for the sake of one.”

“And who is that one,” said the king, “for whose sake you make all travellers welcome?”

“It is our rightful king, Robert the Bruce,” answered ⁶⁹⁰ the mistress, “who is the lawful lord of this country;

and although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the king, ⁶⁹⁵
"know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise;
"and wherefore are you thus alone? Where are all
your men?" 700

"I have none with me at this moment," answered
Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame,
"for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men,
who shall be your servants for life and death." 705

So she brought her two sons, and though she well
knew the dangers to which she exposed them she made
them swear fidelity to the king, and they afterwards
became high officers in his service.

Now the loyal old woman was getting everything ⁷¹⁰
ready for the king's supper, when suddenly there was a
great trampling of horses heard round the house. They
thought it must be some of the English, or John of Lorn's
men, and the good wife called upon her sons to fight to
the last for King Robert. But shortly after they heard ⁷¹⁵
the voice of the Good Lord James of Douglas, and of
Edward Bruce, the king's brother, who had come with
a hundred and fifty horsemen to this farm-house, accord-
ing to the instructions that the king had left with them
at parting. 720

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother
and his faithful friend Lord James, and had no sooner
found himself once more at the head of such a consid-
erable body of followers than, forgetting hunger and

weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy who 725 had pursued them so long had taken up their abode for the night ; “ for,” said he, “ as they must suppose us totally scattered and fled, it is likely that they will think themselves quite secure, and disperse themselves into distant quarters and keep careless watch.” 730

“ That is very true,” answered James of Douglas, “ for I passed a village where there are two hundred of them quartered, who had placed no sentinels ; and if you have a mind to make haste we may surprise them this very 735 night and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day’s chase.”

Then there was nothing but mount and ride ; and as the Scots came by surprise on the body of English whom Douglas had mentioned, and rushed suddenly into the village where they were quartered, they easily dispersed 740 and cut them to pieces ; thus, as Douglas had said, doing their pursuers more injury than they themselves had received during the long and severe pursuit of the preceding day.

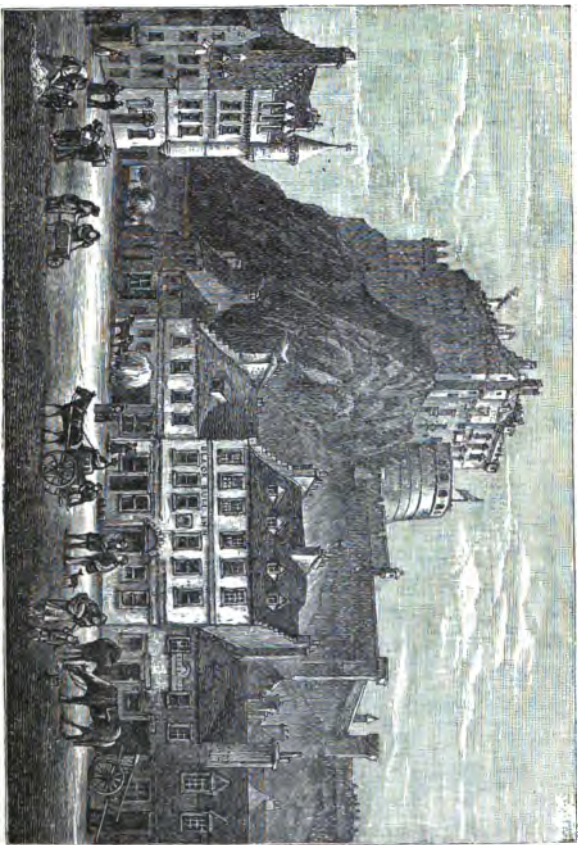
The consequence of these successes of King Robert 745 was that soldiers came to join him on all sides, and that he obtained several victories both over Sir Aymer de Valence, Lord Clifford, and other English commanders ; until at length the English were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless when they could 750 assemble themselves in considerable bodies. They thought it safer to lie still in the towns and castles which they had garrisoned and wait till the king of England should once more come to their assistance with a powerful army. 755

THE TAKING OF THREE CASTLES.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHILE Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained, with its strong castle, in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph was extremely desirous to gain this important 5 place; but the castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult or almost impossible even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them.

So while Randolph was considering what was to be 10 done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph that in his youth he had lived in the Castle of Edin- 15 burgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady, who lived in a part of the town beneath the castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the castle by day to see his mistress, he had practised a way of clambering by 20 night down the castle rock on the south side and returning at his pleasure. When he came to the foot of the wall, he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high at that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag; and, for the same 25



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GRASSMARKET.

reason, no watch was placed there. Francis had gone and come so frequently in this dangerous manner that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well that he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall ;³⁰ and, as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was that of their being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished. 35

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis,⁴⁰ who went before them upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while, these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man.⁴⁵ The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their⁵⁰ rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were⁵⁵ waiting in breathless alarm they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and

cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, 60 who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed; for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them, merely by rolling down stones. But being courageous and chosen men they 65 remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he had no other meaning in what he did and said), passed on without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up and came in 70 haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way; Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got 75 over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls, there was not so much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken in March, 1312-13. 80

There was a strong castle near Linlithgow,¹ or Lithgow, as the word is more generally pronounced, where an English governor, with a powerful garrison, lay in readiness to support the English cause, and used to exercise much severity upon the Scots in the neighbor- 85 hood. There lived at no great distance from this stronghold a farmer, a bold and stout man, whose name was Binnock, or, as it is now pronounced, Binning. This man saw with great joy the progress which the Scots were making in recovering their country from the Eng- 90

¹ Lin-lith'-gow. (*ow* as *o*).

lish, and resolved to do something to help his countrymen, by getting possession, if it were possible, of the Castle of Lithgow. But the place was very strong, situated by the side of a lake, defended not only by gates, which were usually kept shut against strangers, 95 but also by a portcullis. A portcullis is a sort of door formed of cross-bars of iron, like a grate. It has not hinges like a door, but is drawn up by pulleys, and let down when any danger approaches. It may be let go in a moment, and then falls down into the doorway; and 100 as it has great iron spikes at the bottom, it crushes all that it lights upon; thus in case of a sudden alarm a portcullis may be let suddenly fall to defend the entrance when it is not possible to shut the gates. Binnock knew this very well, but he resolved to be provided 105 against this risk also when he attempted to surprise the castle. So he spoke with some bold, courageous countrymen, and engaged them in his enterprise, which he accomplished thus.

Binnock had been accustomed to supply the garrison 110 of Linlithgow with hay, and he had been ordered by the English governor to furnish some cart-loads, of which they were in want. He promised to bring it accordingly; but the night before he drove the hay to the castle he stationed a party of his friends, as well armed as 115 possible, near the entrance, where they could not be seen by the garrison, and gave them directions that they should come to his assistance as soon as they should hear his signal, which was to be—"Call all, call all!" Then he loaded a great wagon with hay. But in the 120 wagon he placed eight strong men, well armed, lying flat on their breasts and covered over with hay, so that they could not be seen. He himself walked carelessly beside

the wagon ; and he chose the stoutest and bravest of his servants to be the driver, who carried at his belt a strong ¹²⁵ axe or hatchet. In this way Binnock approached the castle early in the morning; and the watchman, who only saw two men, Binnock being one of them, with a cart of hay, which they expected, opened the gates and raised up the portcullis to permit them to enter the ¹³⁰ castle. But as soon as the cart had got under the gateway, Binnock made a sign to his servant, who with his axe suddenly cut asunder the *saom*, that is, the yoke which fastens the horses to the cart, and the horses, finding themselves free, naturally started forward, the cart ¹³⁵ remaining behind under the arch of the gate. At the same moment, Binnock cried as loud as he could, "Call all, call all!" and drawing the sword which he had under his country habit he killed the porter. The armed men then jumped up from under the hay where they ¹⁴⁰ lay concealed and rushed on the English guard. The Englishmen tried to shut the gates, but they could not, because the cart of hay remained in the gateway and prevented the folding-doors from being closed. The portcullis was also let fall, but the grating was caught ¹⁴⁵ on the cart and so could not drop to the ground. The men who were in ambush near the gate, hearing the signal agreed on, ran to assist those who had leaped out from amongst the hay; the castle was taken, and all the Englishmen killed or made prisoners. King Rob- ¹⁵⁰ ert rewarded Binnock by bestowing on him an estate, which his posterity long afterwards enjoyed.

Roxburgh¹ was then a very large castle, situated near where two fine rivers, the Tweed and the Teviot,² join each other. Being within five or six miles of England, ¹⁵⁵

¹ Pronounced in Scotland as if Rox'-bor-o'.

² Tev'-i-ot.

the English were extremely desirous of retaining it, and the Scots equally eager to obtain possession of it.

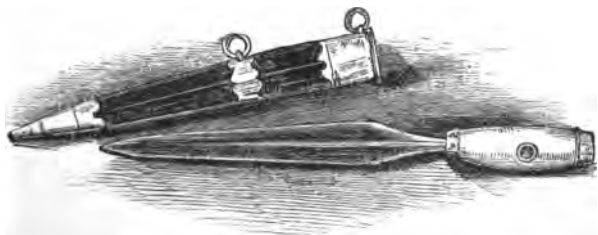
It was upon the night of what is called Shrovetide, a holiday which Roman Catholics paid great respect to, and solemnized with much gayety and feasting. Most¹⁶⁰ of the garrison of Roxburgh Castle were drinking and carousing, but still they had set watches on the battlements of the castle, in case of any sudden attack; for, as the Scots had succeeded in so many enterprises of the kind, and as Douglas was known to be in the neigh-¹⁶⁵borhood, they conceived themselves obliged to keep a very strict guard.

An Englishwoman, the wife of one of the officers, was sitting on the battlements with her child in her arms; and looking out on the fields below she saw some black¹⁷⁰ objects, like a herd of cattle, straggling near the foot of the wall and approaching the ditch or moat of the castle. She pointed them out to the sentinel and asked him what they were. "Pooh, pooh," said the soldier, "it is farmer such a one's cattle" (naming a man whose¹⁷⁵ farm lay near to the castle); "the good man is keeping a jolly Shrovetide, and has forgot to shut up his bullocks in their yard; but, if the Douglas come across them before morning, he is likely to rue his negligence." Now these creeping objects which they saw from the castle¹⁸⁰ wall were no real cattle, but Douglas himself and his soldiers, who had put black cloaks above their armor and were creeping about on hands and feet, in order, without being observed, to get so near to the foot of the castle wall as to be able to set ladders to it. The poor¹⁸⁵ woman, who knew nothing of this, sat quietly on the wall and began to sing to her child. The name of Douglas had become so terrible to the English that the

women used to frighten their children with it, and say to them when they behaved ill that they "would make ¹⁹⁰ the Black Douglas take them." And this soldier's wife was singing to her child,

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye,
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The Black Douglas shall not get ye." ¹⁹⁵

"You are not so sure of that," said a voice close beside her. She felt at the same time a heavy hand, with an iron glove, laid on her shoulder, and when she looked round she saw the very Black Douglas she had been singing about standing close beside her, a tall, swarthy, ²⁰⁰ strong man. At the same time, another Scotsman was seen ascending the walls, near to the sentinel. The soldier gave the alarm and rushed at the Scotsman, whose name was Simon Ledehouse, with his lance; but Simon parried the stroke and, closing with the sentinel, struck ²⁰⁵ him a deadly blow with his dagger. The rest of the Scots followed up to assist Douglas and Ledehouse, and the castle was taken. Many of the soldiers were put to death, but Douglas protected the woman and the child. I dare say she made no more songs about the Black ²¹⁰ Douglas.



OLD SCOTTISH DAGGER.

DOUGLAS AND THE HEART OF ROBERT BRUCE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DOUGLAS caused a case of silver to be made, into which he put the Bruce's heart, and wore it around his neck by a string of silk and gold. And he set forward for the Holy Land with a gallant train of the bravest men in Scotland, who, to show their value and sorrow ⁵ for their brave King Robert Bruce, resolved to attend his heart to the city of Jerusalem. It had been much better for Scotland if the Douglas and his companions had stayed at home to defend their own country, which was shortly afterwards in great want of their assist- ¹⁰ ance.

Neither did Douglas ever get to the end of his journey. In going to Palestine he landed in Spain, where the Saracen king, or sultan of Grenada,¹ called Osmyn,² was invading the realms of Alphonso, the Spanish king of ¹⁵ Castile. King Alphonso received Douglas with great honor and distinction, and people came from all parts to see the great soldier, whose fame was well known through every part of the Christian world. King Alphonso easily persuaded the Scottish earl that he would ²⁰ do good service to the Christian cause by assisting him to drive back the Saracens of Grenada, before proceeding on his voyage to Jerusalem. Lord Douglas and his

¹ Gre-na'-da (first *a* like *ah*).

² Pronounced Oz'-mĭn.

followers went accordingly to a great battle against Os-
myn, and had little difficulty in defeating the Saracens²⁵
who were opposed to them. But, being ignorant of the
mode of fighting among the cavalry of the East, the
Scots pursued the chase too far, and the Moors, when
they saw them scattered and separated from each other,
turned suddenly back, with a loud cry of *Allah illah*³⁰
*Allah!*¹ which is their shout of battle, and surrounded
such of the Scottish knights and squires as had advanced
too hastily and were dispersed from each other.

In this new skirmish Douglas saw Sir William St.
Clair of Roslyn² fighting desperately, surrounded by³⁵
many Moors, who were hewing at him with their sabres.
“Yonder worthy knight will be slain,” Douglas said,
“unless he have instant help.” With that he galloped
to his rescue, but presently was himself also surrounded
by many Moors. When he found the enemy press so⁴⁰
thick round him as to leave him no chance of escaping,
the earl took from his neck the Bruce’s heart, and
speaking to it, as he would have done to the king had
he been alive,—“Pass first in fight,” he said, “as thou
wert wont to do, and Douglas will follow thee or die.”⁴⁵
He then threw the king’s heart among the enemy and,
rushing forward to the place where it fell, was there
slain. His body was found lying above the silver case,
as if it had been his last object to defend the Bruce’s
heart. 50

This good Lord James of Douglas was one of the
best and wisest soldiers that ever drew a sword. He
was said to have fought in seventy battles, being beaten
in thirteen and victorious in fifty-seven. He was tall,
strong, and well made, of a swarthy complexion, with⁵⁵

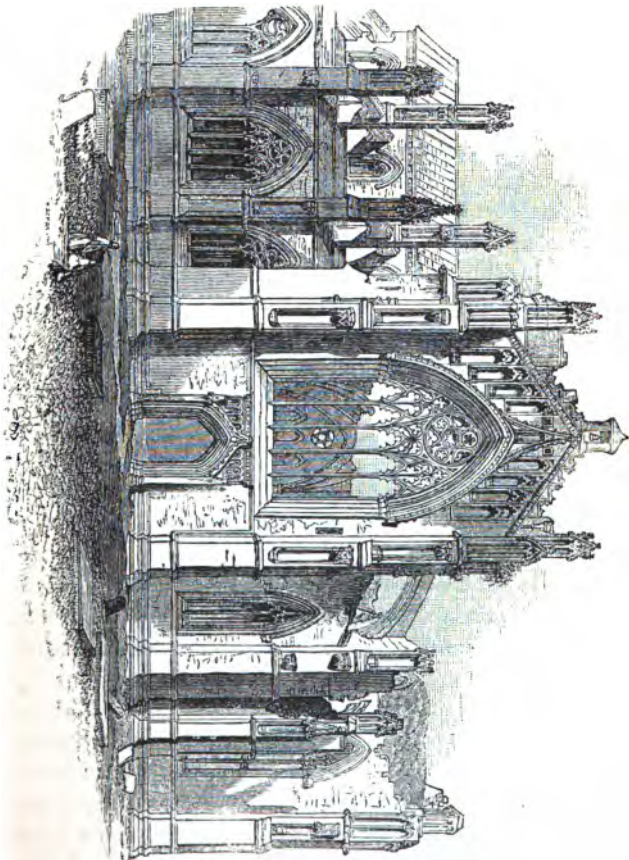
¹ See *Notes*.

² Ros-lyn (*s* like *z*).

dark hair, from which he was called the Black Douglas. He lisped a little in his speech, but in a manner which became him very much. Notwithstanding the many battles in which he had fought, his face had escaped without a wound. A brave Spanish knight at⁶⁰ the court of King Alphonso, whose face was scarred by the marks of Moorish sabres, expressed wonder that Douglas's countenance should be unmarked with wounds. Douglas replied modestly he thanked God, who had always enabled his hands to guard and protect his⁶⁵ face.

Many of Douglas's followers were slain in the battle in which he himself fell. The rest resolved not to proceed on their journey to Palestine, but to return to Scotland. Since the time of the good Lord James,⁷⁰ the Douglasses have carried upon their shields a bloody heart with a crown upon it, in memory of this expedition of Lord James to Spain with the Bruce's heart.

Such of the Scottish knights as remained alive re-⁷⁵ turned to their own country. They brought back the heart of the Bruce and the bones of the good Lord James. These last were interred in the church of St. Bride, where Thomas Dickson and Douglas held so terrible a Palm Sunday. The Bruce's heart was buried⁸⁰ below the high altar in Melrose Abbey. As for his body, it was laid in the sepulchre in the midst of the church of Dunfermline, under a marble stone. But the church becoming afterwards ruinous, and the roof falling down with age, the monument was broken to pieces, and⁸⁵ nobody could tell where it stood. But when they were repairing the church at Dunfermline [in 1818] and removing the rubbish, lo! they found fragments of the



MELROSE ABBEY, FROM THE SOUTH.

marble tomb of Robert Bruce. Then they began to dig farther, thinking to discover the body of this celebrated monarch; and at length they came to the skeleton of a tall man, and they knew it must be that of King Robert, both as he was known to have been buried in a winding-sheet of cloth of gold, of which many fragments were found about this skeleton, and also because the breast-bone appeared to have been sawed through in order to take out the heart. Orders were sent from the King's Court of Exchequer to guard the bones carefully until a new tomb should be prepared, into which they were laid with profound respect. A great many gentlemen and ladies attended, and almost all the common folks in the neighborhood; and as the church could not hold half the numbers the people were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy. Many people shed tears; for there was the wasted skull which once was the head that thought so wisely and boldly for his country's deliverance; and there was the dry bone which had once been the sturdy arm that killed Sir Henry de Bohun, between the two armies, at a single blow, on the evening before the battle of Bannockburn.

It is more than five hundred years since the body of Bruce was first laid into the tomb; and how many, many millions of men have died since that time whose bones could not be recognized nor their names known, any more than those of inferior animals! It was a great thing to see that the wisdom, courage, and patriotism of a king could preserve him for such a long time in the memory of the people over whom he once reigned.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

BY WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

It was upon an April morn,
While yet the frost lay hoar,
We heard Lord James's bugle-horn
Sound by the rocky shore.

Then down we went, a hundred knights, 5
All in our dark array,
And flung our armor in the ships
That rode within the bay.

We spoke not as the shore grew less,
But gazed in silence back, 10
Where the long billows swept away
The foam behind our track.

And aye the purple hues decayed
Upon the fading hill,
And but one heart in all that ship 15
Was tranquil, cold, and still.

The good Lord Douglas paced the deck—
O, but his face was wan!
Unlike the flush it used to wear
When in the battle-van. 20

“Come hither, I pray, my trusty knight,
Sir Simon of the Lee;
There is a freit¹ lies near my soul
I needs must tell to thee.

¹ Superstitious notion, presentiment (pronounced *freet*).

“Thou know’st the words King Robert spoke 25
Upon his dying day :

How he bade me take his noble heart
And carry it far away,

“And lay it in the holy soil
Where once the Saviour trod, 30
Since he might not bear the blessèd Cross
Nor strike one blow for God.

“Last night as in my bed I lay,
I dreamed a dreary dream :
Methought I saw a Pilgrim stand 35
In the moonlight’s quivering beam.

“His robe was of the azure dye,
Snow-white his scattered hairs,
And even such a cross he bore
As good Saint Andrew bears. 40

“‘Why go ye forth, Lord James,’ he said,
‘With spear and belted brand?’¹
Why do you take its dearest pledge
From this our Scottish land?

“‘The sultry breeze of Galilee 45
Creeps through its groves of palm,
The olives on the Holy Mount
Stand glittering in the calm.

“‘But ’t is not there that Scotland’s heart
Shall rest by God’s decree, 50
Till the great angel calls the dead
To rise from earth and sea!

¹ Sword.

“ Lord James of Douglas, mark my rede!¹
 That heart shall pass once more
 In fiery fight against the foe, 55
 As it was wont of yore.

“ And it shall pass beneath the Cross
 And save King Robert's vow ;
 But other hands shall bear it back,
 Not, James of Douglas, thou! 60

“ Now, by thy knightly faith, I pray,
 Sir Simon of the Lee,—
 For truer friend had never man
 Than thou hast been to me,—

“ If ne'er upon the Holy Land 65
 'T is mine in life to tread,
 Bear thou to Scotland's kindly earth
 The relics of her dead.”

The tear was in Sir Simon's eye
 As he wrung the warrior's hand— 70
 “ Betide me weal,² betide me woe,
 I 'll hold by thy command.

“ But if in battle-front, Lord James,
 'T is ours once more to ride,
 Nor force of man, nor craft of fiend, 75
 Shall cleave me from thy side!”

And aye we sailed and aye we sailed
 Across the weary sea,
 Until one morn the coast of Spain
 Rose grimly on our lee.

¹ Counsel, advice.

² If good befall me, or happen to me.

And as we rounded to the port,
 Beneath the watch-tower's wall,
 We heard the clash of the atabals,¹
 And the trumpet's wavering call.

"Why sounds yon Eastern music here
 So wantonly and long, 85
 And whose the crowd of armèd men
 That round yon standard throng?"

"The Moors have come from Africa
 To spoil and waste and slay, 90
 And King Alonzo of Castile
 Must fight with them to-day."

"Now shame it were," cried good Lord James,
 "Shall never be said of me
 That I and mine have turned aside 95
 From the Cross in jeopardie!

"Have down,² have down, my merry men all—
 Have down unto the plain ;
 We 'll let the Scottish lion loose
 Within the fields of Spain !" 100

"Now welcome to me, noble lord,
 Thou and thy stalwart power ;
 Dear is the sight of a Christian knight,
 Who comes in such an hour !

"Is it for bond or faith you come, 105
 Or yet for golden fee ?
 Or bring ye France's lilies here,
 Or the flower of Burgundie ?"

¹ At'-a-bals ; Moorish drums.

² Go down.

“God greet thee well, thou valiant king,
Thee and thy belted peers ;
Sir James of Douglas am I called,
And these are Scottish spears. 110

“We do not fight for bond or plight,¹
Nor yet for golden fee ;
But for the sake of our blessèd Lord,
Who died upon the tree. 115

“We bring our great King Robert’s heart
Across the weltering wave,
To lay it in the holy soil
Hard by the Saviour’s grave. 120

“True pilgrims we, by land or sea,
Where danger bars the way ;
And therefore are we here, lord king,
To ride with thee this day !”

The king has bent his stately head,
And the tears were in his eyne,²—
“God’s blessing on thee, noble knight,
For this brave thought of thine ! 125

“I know thy name full well, Lord James ;
And honored may I be,
That those who fought beside the Bruce
Should fight this day for me ! 130

“Take thou the leading of the van,
And charge the Moors amain ;³
There is not such a lance as thine
In all the host of Spain !” 135

¹ Pledge.² Eyes.³ With force, or vigor.

The Douglas turned towards us then ;
 O, but his glance was high!—
 “There is not one of all my men
 But is as frank as I.

140

“There is not one of all my knights
 But bears as true a spear ;
 Then onward, Scottish gentlemen,
 And think King Robert ’s here!”

The trumpets blew, the cross-bolts¹ flew,
 The arrows flashed like flame,
 As spur in side, and spear in rest,
 Against the foe we came.

145

And many a bearded Saracen
 Went down, both horse and man ;
 For through their ranks we rode like corn,
 So furiously we ran !

150

But in behind our path they closed,
 Though fain to let us through ;
 For they were forty thousand men,
 And we were wondrous few.

155

We might not see a lance’s length,
 So dense was their array,
 But the long fell sweep of the Scottish blade
 Still held them hard at bay.

160

“Make in!² make in!” Lord Douglas cried—
 “Make in, my brethren dear !
 Sir William of Saint Clair is down ;
 We may not leave him here!”

¹ Cross-bow arrows.

² Rush in.

But thicker, thicker grew the swarm, 165
 And sharper shot the rain,
 And the horses reared amid the press,
 But they would not charge again.

“Now Jesu help thee,” said Lord James,
 “Thou kind and true Saint Clair! 170
 An’ if I may not bring thee off,
 I’ll die beside thee there!”

Then in his stirrups up he stood,
 So lion-like and bold,
 And held the precious heart aloft 175
 All in its case of gold.

He flung it from him far ahead,
 And never spake he more
 But—“Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart,
 As thou wert wont of yore!” 180

The roar of fight rose fiercer yet,
 And heavier still the stour,¹
 Till the spears of Spain came shivering in,
 And swept away the Moor.

“Now praised be God, the day is won! 185
 They fly o’er flood and fell!²—
 Why dost thou draw the rein so hard,
 Good knight, that fought so well?”

“O, ride ye on, lord king!” he said,
 “And leave the dead to me, 190
 For I must keep the dreariest watch
 That ever I shall dree!³

¹ Battle (pronounced *stour*).

² Hill.

³ Bear, endure.

“There lies, above his master’s heart,
The Douglas, stark and grim;
And woe that I am living man,
Not lying there by him!

195

“The world grows cold, my arm is old,
And thin my lyart¹ hair;
And all that I loved best on earth
Is stretched before me there.

200

“O Bothwell banks, that bloom so bright
Beneath the sun of May,
The heaviest cloud that ever blew
Is bound for you this day!

“And, Scotland, thou mayst veil thy head
In sorrow and in pain!
The sorest stroke upon thy brow
Hath fallen this day in Spain!

205

“We’ll bear them back unto our ship,
We’ll bear them o’er the sea,
And lay them in the hallowed earth
Within our own countrie.

210

“And be thou strong of heart, lord king,
For this I tell thee sure,
The sod that drank the Douglas’ blood
Shall never bear the Moor!”

215

The king he lighted from his horse,
He flung his brand away,
And took the Douglas by the hand,
So stately as he lay.

220

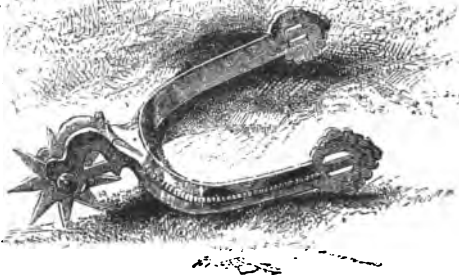
¹ Gray (pronounced *li'-art*).

“ God give thee rest, thou valiant soul,
That fought so well for Spain!
I ’d rather half my land were gone,
So thou wert here again !”

We lifted thence the good Lord James 225
And the priceless heart he bore,
And heavily we steered our ship
Towards the Scottish shore.

No welcome greeted our return,
Nor clang of martial tread, 230
But all were dumb and hushed as death
Before the mighty dead.

We laid our chief in Douglas Kirk,
The heart in fair Melrose ;
And woful men were we that day— 235
God grant their souls repose !



THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Scottish nobles had determined upon an invasion of England on a large scale, and had assembled a great army for that purpose ; but, learning that the people of Northumberland were raising an army on the eastern frontier, they resolved to limit their incursion to that which might be achieved by the Earl of Douglas, with a chosen band of four or five thousand men. With this force he penetrated into the mountainous frontier of England, where an assault was least expected, and, issuing forth near Newcastle, fell upon the flat and rich country around, slaying, plundering, burning, and loading his army with spoil.

Percy, Earl of Northumberland, an English noble of great power, and with whom the Douglas had frequently had encounters, sent his two sons, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, to stop the progress of this invasion. Both were gallant knights ; but the first, who from his impetuosity was called Hotspur, was one of the most distinguished warriors in England, as Douglas was in Scotland. The brothers threw themselves hastily into Newcastle, to defend that important town ; and as Douglas, in an insulting manner, drew up his followers before the walls, they came out to skirmish with the Scots. Douglas and Henry Percy encountered personally ; and it so chanced that Douglas in the struggle got possession of Hotspur's

spear, to the end of which was attached a small ornament of silk, embroidered with pearls, on which was represented a lion, the cognizance, as it is called, of the Percys. Douglas shook his trophy aloft, and declared that he would carry it into Scotland and plant it on³⁰ his castle of Dalkeith.¹

“That,” said Percy, “shalt thou never do. I will regain my lance ere thou canst get back into Scotland.”

“Then,” said Douglas, “come to seek it, and thou shalt find it before my tent.”³⁵

The Scottish army, having completed the purpose of their expedition, began their retreat up the vale of the little river Reed, which afforded a tolerable road running northwestward towards their own frontier. They encamped at Otterburn, about twenty miles from the⁴⁰ Scottish border, on the 19th of August, 1388.

In the middle of the night the alarm arose in the Scottish camp that the English host were coming upon them, and the moonlight showed the approach of Sir Henry Percy, with a body of men superior in number⁴⁵ to that of Douglas. He had already crossed the Reed water, and was advancing towards the left flank of the Scottish army. Douglas, not choosing to receive the assault in that position, drew his men out of the camp, and, with a degree of military skill which could scarce⁵⁰ have been expected when his forces were of such an undisciplined character, he altogether changed the position of the army and presented his troops with their front to the advancing English.

Hotspur, in the meantime, marched his squadrons⁵⁵ through the deserted camp, where there were none left but a few servants and stragglers of the army. The in-

¹ Dal-keith' (*ei* as *ē*).

terruptions which the English troops met with threw them a little into disorder when the moon arising showed them the Scottish army, which they had supposed to be ⁶⁰ retreating, drawn up in complete order and prepared to fight. The battle commenced with the greatest fury; for Percy and Douglas were the two most distinguished soldiers of their time, and each army trusted in the courage and talents of their commanders, whose names ⁶⁵ were shouted on either side. The Scots, who were outnumbered, were at length about to give way, when Douglas their leader caused his banner to advance, attended by his best men. He himself, shouting his war-cry of "Douglas!" rushed forward, clearing his way with the ⁷⁰ blows of his battle-axe and breaking into the very thickest of the enemy. He fell, at length, under three mortal wounds. Had his death been observed by the enemy, the event would probably have decided the battle against the Scots; but the English only knew that some brave ⁷⁵ man-at-arms had fallen. Meantime the other Scottish nobles pressed forward, and found their general dying among several of his faithful esquires and pages, who lay slain around. A stout priest, called William of North Berwick, the chaplain of Douglas, was protecting the ⁸⁰ body of his wounded patron with a long lance.

"How fares it, cousin?" said Sinclair, the first Scottish knight who came up to the expiring leader.

"Indifferently," answered Douglas; "but blessed be God, my ancestors have died on fields of battle, not on ⁸⁵ down beds. I sink fast; but let them still cry my war-cry and conceal my death from my followers. There was a tradition in our family that a dead Douglas should win a field, and I trust it will be this day accomplished."

The nobles did as he had enjoined; they concealed ⁹⁰

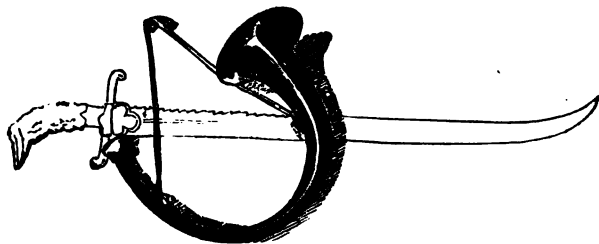
the earl's body and again rushed on to the battle, shouting "Douglas! Douglas!" louder than before. The English were weakened by the loss of the brave brothers, Henry and Ralph Percy, both of whom were made prisoners, fighting most gallantly, and almost no man of 95 note amongst the English escaped death or captivity. Hence a Scottish poet has said of the name of Douglas,

"Hosts have been known at that dread sound to yield,
And, Douglas dead, his name hath won the field."

Sir Henry Percy became the prisoner of Sir Hugh 100 Montgomery, who obliged him for ransom to build a castle for him at Penoon¹ in Ayrshire. The battle of Otterburn was disastrous to the leaders on both sides, Percy being made captive and Douglas slain on the field. It has been the subject of many songs and poems, 105 and the great historian Froissart² says that, one other action only excepted, it was the best-fought battle of that warlike time.

¹ Pen-oon'.

² Frois'-sart. See *Notes*.



THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

FROM SCOTT'S "BORDER MINSTRELSY."

It fell about the Lammas tide,¹
When the muir-men² win their hay,
The doughty³ Douglas bound him to ride
Into England to drive a prey.
He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,⁴ 5
With them the Lindesays,⁵ light and gay;
But the Jardines⁶ would not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.
And he has burned the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire; 10
And three good towers on Reidswire⁷ fells,⁸
He left them all on fire.
And he marched up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
"O, wha's the lord of this castle, 15
Or wha's the lady o't?"—
But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O, but he spake high!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."— 20

¹ Lammas-day, August 1st.

² Moor-men.

³ Brave, valiant.

⁴ Pronounced Græmes.

⁵ Pronounced Lin'-zes.

⁶ Jar'-dines.

⁷ Reed'-swire.

⁸ Hills.

“If thou ’rt the lord of this castle,
 Sae weel¹ it pleases me!
 For, ere I cross the Border fells,
 The tane² of us shall die.”—

He took a lang spear in his hand, 25
 Shod with the metal free,
 And for to meet the Douglas there
 He rode right furiouslie.

But O, how pale his lady looked,
 Frae aff³ the castle wa’⁴, 30
 When down before the Scottish spear
 She saw proud Percy fa’!⁵

“Had we twa been upon the green,
 And never an eye to see,
 I wad⁶ hae had you, flesh and fell,⁷ 35
 But your sword sall⁸ gae wi’ me.—

“But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
 And wait there dayis⁹ three;
 And if I come not ere three dayis end
 A fause¹⁰ knight ca’¹¹ ye me.”— 40

“The Otterbourne ’s a bonnie burn;¹²
 ’T is pleasant there to be;
 But there is nought at Otterbourne,
 To feed my men and me.

“The deer rins¹³ wild on hill and dale, 45
 The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
 But there is neither bread nor kale¹⁴
 To fend¹⁵ my men and me.

¹ So well. ² One. See *Notes*. ³ From off. ⁴ Wall.
⁵ Fall. ⁶ Would. ⁷ Hide. ⁸ Shall. ⁹ Days.
¹⁰ False. ¹¹ Call. ¹² A pretty brook, or rivulet.
¹³ Runs. ¹⁴ Broth, soup. ¹⁵ Support, feed.

“ Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
 Where you shall welcome be ;
 And if ye come not at three dayis end
 A fause lord I 'll ca' thee.”— 50

“ Thither will I come,” proud Percy said,
 “ By the might of Our Ladye !”
 “ There will I bide¹ thee,” said the Douglas, 55
 “ My troth I plight to thee.”

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 Upon the bent² sae brown ;
 They lighted high on Otterbourne,
 And threw their pallions³ down. 60

And he that had a bonnie boy
 Sent out his horse to grass ;
 And he that had not a bonnie boy,
 His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
 Before the peep of dawn— 65
 “ O, waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
 For Percy's hard at hand !”—

“ Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud !
 Sae loud I hear ye lie ; 70
 For Percy had not men yestreen
 To dight⁴ my men and me.

“ But I have dreamed a dreary dream
 Beyond the Isle of Sky ;
 I saw a dead man win a fight, 75
 And I think that man was I.”

¹ Wait for.² Field, heath.³ Pavilions, tents.⁴ Dispose of, encounter.

He belted on his guid braid¹ sword,
 And to the field he ran ;
 But he forgot the helmet good
 That should have kept his brain. 80

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
 I wat² he was fu' fain.³
 They swakked⁴ their swords till sair⁵ they swat,⁶
 And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broad sword, 85
 That could so sharply wound,
 Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
 Till he fell to the ground.

Then he called on his little foot-page,
 And said, "Run speedilie, 90
 And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
 Sir Hugh Montgomery."

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
 "What recks⁷ the death of ane?"
 Last night I dreamed a dreary dream, 95
 And I ken⁸ the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep ; I fain would sleep ;
 Take thou the vanguard of the three,
 And hide me by the bracken¹⁰ bush,
 That grows on yonder lily lee."¹¹ 100

"O, bury me by the bracken bush,
 Beneath the blooming brier !
 Let never living mortal ken
 That e'er a kindly Scot lies here."

¹ Broad.² Wot, know.³ Glad.⁴ Struck.⁵ Sore, much.⁶ Sweat.⁷ Matters.⁸ One.⁹ Know.¹⁰ Brake.¹¹ Lea, field.

He lifted up that noble lord, 105
 Wi' the saut¹ tear in his e'e;
 He hid him in the bracken bush,
 That his merrie-men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
 The spears in flinders² flew, 110
 But mony a gallant Englishman
 Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
 They steeped their hose and shoon;
 The Lindesays flew like fire about 115
 Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
 That either of other were fain;
 They swappèd³ swords, and they twa swat,
 And aye the blood ran down between. 120

"Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
 "Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
 "To whom must I yield," quoth Lord Percy,
 "Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,⁴ 125
 Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
 But yield thee to the bracken bush
 That grows upon yon lily lee!"

"I will not yield to a bracken bush,
 Nor yet will I yield to a brier; 130
 But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
 Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

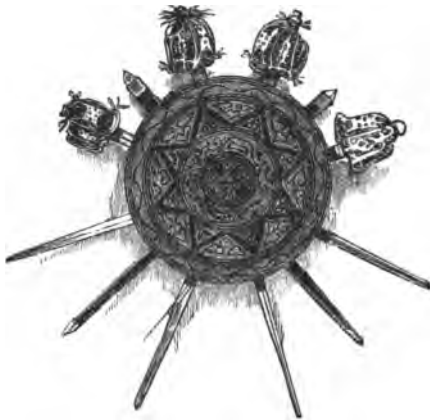
¹ Salt.² Splinters.³ Struck.⁴ Loon, clown.

As soon as he knew it was Sir Hugh
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;¹
The Montgomery was a courteous knight, 135
And quickly took him by the honde.²

This deed was done at the Otterbourne
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the bracken bush,
And the Percy led captive away. 140

¹ Ground.

² Hand.



SCOTTISH TARGET AND SWORDS.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

IN June or July, 1513, Henry VIII. sailed to France with a gallant army, where he formed the siege of Terouenne.¹ James IV. now took a decided step. He sent over his principal herald to the camp of King Henry before Terouenne, summoning him in haughty terms to abstain from aggressions against James's ally, the King of France. Henry VIII. answered this letter, which he justly considered as a declaration of war, with equal bitterness, treating the King of Scots as a perjured man, because he was about to break the peace which he had solemnly sworn to observe. His summons he rejected with scorn. "The King of Scotland was not," he said, "of sufficient importance to determine the quarrel between England and France." The Scottish herald returned with this message, but not in time to find his master alive.

James had not awaited the return of his embassy to commence hostilities. Lord Home, his lord high chamberlain, had made an incursion into England with an army of about three or four thousand men. They collected great booty, but, marching carelessly and without order, fell into an ambush of the English Borderers, concealed among the tall broom, by which Millfield plain, near Wooler, was then covered. The Scots sus-

¹ Pronounced Ter-oo-ën' (*er* as in *peril*).

tained a total defeat, and lost near a third of their numbers in slain and wounded. This was a bad commencement of the war.

Meanwhile James, contrary to the advice of his wisest counsellors, determined to invade England with a royal army. The Parliament were unwilling to go into the king's measures. The tranquillity of the country, ever since the peace with England, was recollected; and, as the impolitic claim of the supremacy seemed to be abandoned, little remained to stir up the old animosity between the kingdoms. The king, however, was personally so much liked that he obtained the consent of the Parliament to this fatal and unjust war; and orders were given to assemble all the array of the kingdom of Scotland upon the Borough-moor of Edinburgh, a wide common, in the midst of which the royal standard was displayed from a large stone, or fragment of rock, called the Harestone.

He was so well beloved that he soon assembled a great army, and, placing himself at their head, he entered England near the castle of Twisell¹ on the 22d of August, 1513. Instead, however, of advancing with his army upon the country of England, he lay idle on the frontier. The Earl of Surrey, that same noble and gallant knight who had formerly escorted Queen Margaret to Scotland, now advanced at the head of an army of twenty-six thousand men. The earl was joined by his son Thomas, the lord high admiral, with a large body of soldiers who had been disembarked at Newcastle. As the warlike inhabitants of the northern counties gathered fast to Surrey's standard, so, on the other hand, the Scots began to return home in great

¹ Twis'-ell.

numbers ; because, though according to the feudal laws each man had brought with him provisions for forty days, these being now nearly expended, a scarcity began to be felt in James's host. Others went home to place ⁶⁰ their booty in safety.

Surrey, feeling himself the stronger party, became desirous to provoke the Scottish king to fight. He therefore sent James a message, defying him to battle ; and the Lord Thomas Howard, at the same time, added a ⁶⁵ message that as King James had often complained of the death of Andrew Barton, he, Lord Thomas, by whom that deed was done, was now ready to maintain it with his sword in the front of the fight. James returned for answer that to meet the English in battle was so much ⁷⁰ his wish that had the message of the earl found him at Edinburgh he would have laid aside all other business to have met him on a pitched field.

But the Scottish nobles entertained a very different opinion from their king. They held a council, at which ⁷⁵ Lord Patrick Lindsay was made president, or chancellor. This was the same person who, in the beginning of the king's reign, had pleaded so well for his brother, to whose titles and estate he afterwards succeeded. He opened the discussion by telling the council a parable ⁸⁰ of a rich merchant who would needs go to play at dice with a common hazarder, or sharper, and stake a rose-noble¹ of gold against a crooked halfpenny. "You, my lords," he said, "will be as unwise as the merchant if you risk your king, whom I compare to a precious rose-⁸⁵ noble, against the English general, who is but an old crooked churl, lying in a chariot. Though the English lose the day, they lose nothing but this old churl

¹ A coin. See *Notes*.

and a parcel of mechanics; whereas so many of our common people have gone home that few are left with us but the prime of our nobility." He therefore gave it as his advice that the king should withdraw from the army, for safety of his person, and that some brave nobleman should be named by the council to command in the action. The council agreed to recommend this plan to the king. 90 95

But James, who desired to gain fame by his own military skill and prowess, suddenly broke in on the council, and told them, with much heat, that they should not put such a disgrace upon him. "I will fight with the English," he said, "though you had all sworn the contrary. You may shame yourselves by flight, but you shall not shame me; and as for Lord Patrick Lindsay, who has got the first vote, I vow that when I return to Scotland I will cause him to be hanged over his own gate." 100 105

The Scottish army had fixed their camp upon a hill called Flodden, which rises to close in, as it were, the extensive flat called Millfield plain. This eminence slopes steeply towards the plain, and there is an extended piece of level ground on the top, where the Scots might have drawn up their army and awaited at great advantage the attack of the English. Surrey liked the idea of venturing an assault on that position so ill that he resolved to try whether he could not prevail on the king to abandon it. He sent a herald to invite James to come down from the height and join battle in the open plain of Millfield below, reminded him of the readiness with which he had accepted his former challenge, and hinted that it was the opinion of the English chivalry assembled for battle that any delay of the encounter would sound to the king's dishonor. 110 115 120

James was sufficiently rash and imprudent, but his impetuosity did not reach to the pitch Surrey perhaps expected. He refused to receive the messenger into his presence, and returned for answer that it was not such a message as it became an earl to send to a king. 125

Surrey, therefore, distressed for provisions, was obliged to resort to another mode of bringing the Scots to action. He moved northward, sweeping round the hill of Flodden, keeping out of the reach of the Scottish artillery, until, crossing the Till near Twisell Castle, he placed himself, with his whole army, betwixt James and his own kingdom. The king suffered him to make this flank movement without interruption, though it must have afforded repeated and advantageous opportunities for attack. But when he saw the English army interposed betwixt him and his dominions he became alarmed lest he should be cut off from Scotland. In this apprehension he was confirmed by one Giles Musgrave, an Englishman, whose counsel he used upon the occasion, and who assured him that if he did not descend and fight with the English army the Earl of Surrey would enter Scotland and lay waste the whole country. Stimulated by this apprehension, the king resolved to give signal for the fatal battle. 130 135 140 145

With this view the Scots set fire to their huts and the other refuse and litter of their camp. The smoke spread along the side of the hill, and under its cover the army of King James descended the eminence, which is much less steep on the northern than the southern side, while the English advanced to meet them, both concealed from each other by the clouds of smoke. 150

The Scots descended in four strong columns, all marching parallel to each other, having a reserve of the

Lothian men commanded by Earl Bothwell. The English were also divided into four bodies, with a reserve of cavalry led by Dacre.¹

The battle commenced at the hour of four in the afternoon. The first which encountered was the left wing of the Scots, commanded by the Earl of Huntly and Lord Home, which overpowered and threw into disorder the right wing of the English, under Sir Edmund Howard. Sir Edmund was beaten down, his standard taken, and he himself in danger of instant death, when he was relieved by the Bastard Heron,² who came up at the head of a band of determined outlaws like himself and extricated Howard. It is alleged against Lord Home by many Scottish writers that he ought to have improved his advantage by hastening to the support of the next division of the Scottish army. It is even pretended that he replied to those who urged him to go to the assistance of the king that "the man did well that day who stood and saved himself." But this seems invented, partly to criminate Home, and partly to account for the loss of the battle in some other way than by the superiority of the English. In reality, the English cavalry, under Dacre, which acted as a reserve, appear to have kept the victors in check; while Thomas Howard, the lord high admiral, who commanded the second division of the English, bore down and routed the Scottish division commanded by Crawford and Montrose, who were both slain. Thus matters went on the Scottish left.

Upon the extreme right of James's army a division of Highlanders, consisting of the clans of MacKenzie, MacLean, and others, commanded by the Earls of Len-

¹ Pronounced Da'-ker.

² John Heron, a Border chief.

nox and Argyle, were so insufferably annoyed by the volleys of the English arrows that they broke their ranks and, in despite of the cries, entreaties, and signals of De la Motte,¹ the French ambassador, who endeavored 190 to stop them, rushed tumultuously down hill, and, being attacked at once in flank and rear by Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Cheshire and Lancashire, were routed with great slaughter.

The only Scottish division which remains to be men- 195 tioned was commanded by James in person, and consisted of the choicest of his nobles and gentry, whose armor was so good that the arrows made but slight impression upon them. They were all on foot—the king himself had parted with his horse. They engaged the 200 Earl of Surrey, who opposed to them the division which he personally commanded. The Scots attacked with the greatest fury, and, for a time, had the better. Surrey's squadrons were disordered, his standard in great danger, Bothwell and the Scottish reserve were advanc- 205 ing, and the English seemed in some risk of losing the battle. But Stanley, who had defeated the Highlanders, came up on one flank of the king's division; the admiral, who had conquered Crawford and Montrose,² assailed them on the other. The Scots showed the most 210 undaunted courage. Uniting themselves with the reserve under Bothwell, they formed into a circle, with their spears extended on every side, and fought obstinately. Bows being now useless, the English advanced on all sides with their bills, a huge weapon which made 215 ghastly wounds. But they could not force the Scots either to break or retire, although the carnage among

¹ Pronounced De (*e* as in *her*) lah Möt.

² Mont-rose' (*r* like *z*).

them was dreadful. James himself died amid his warlike peers and loyal gentry. He was twice wounded with arrows, and at length despatched with a bill. Night²²⁰ fell without the battle being absolutely decided, for the Scottish centre kept their ground, and Home and Dacre held each other at bay. But during the night the remainder of the Scottish army drew off in silent despair from the bloody field, on which they left their king²²⁵ and the flower of his nobility.

This great and decisive victory was gained by the Earl of Surrey on the 9th of September, 1513. The victors had about five thousand men slain, the Scots twice that number at least. But the loss lay not so much in the²³⁰ number of the slain as in their rank and quality. The English lost very few men of distinction. The Scots left on the field the king, two bishops, two mitred abbots, twelve earls, thirteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers. The number of gentlemen slain was beyond²³⁵ calculation—there is scarcely a family of name in Scottish history who did not lose a relative there.

Such was the end of that king once so proud and powerful. The fatal battle of Flodden, in which he was slain and his army destroyed, is justly considered²⁴⁰ as one of the most calamitous events in Scottish history.

* * * * *

Edinburgh, the metropolis, or capital city, of Scotland, set a noble example of the conduct which should be adopted under a great national calamity. The provost,²⁴⁵ bailies, and magistracy of that city had been carried by their duty to the battle, in which most of them, with the burghers and citizens who followed their standard, had fallen with the king. A certain number of persons called *Presidents*, at the head of whom was George Towrs²⁵⁰

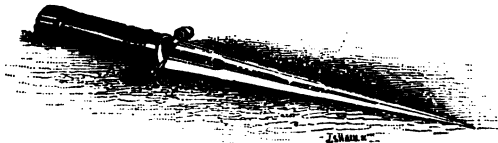
of Inverleith,¹ had been left with a commission to discharge the duty of magistrates during the absence of those to whom the office actually belonged. The battle was fought, as we have said, on the 9th of September. On the 10th, being the succeeding day, the news reached ²⁵⁵ Edinburgh, and George Towrs and the other presidents published on that day a proclamation, which would do honor to the annals of any country in Europe. The presidents must have known that all was lost; but they took every necessary precaution to prevent the public ²⁶⁰ from yielding to a hasty and panic alarm, and to prepare with firmness the means of public defence.

“Whereas,” says this remarkable proclamation, “news have arrived, which are yet uncertain, of misfortune which hath befallen the king and his army, we strictly com- ²⁶⁵ mand and charge all persons within the city to have their arms in readiness, and to be ready to assemble at the tolling of the common bell of the town, to repel any enemy who may seek to attack the city. We also discharge all women of the lower class, and vagabonds of ²⁷⁰ every description, from appearing on the street to cry and make lamentations; and we command women of honest fame and character to pass to the churches, and pray for the king and his army, and for our neighbors who are with the king’s host.” In this way the gallant ²⁷⁵ George Towrs took measures at once for preventing the spreading of terror and confusion by frantic and useless lamentation, and for defence of the city, if need should arise. The simplicity of the order showed the courage and firmness of those who issued it, under the astound- ²⁸⁰ ing national calamity which had been sustained.

The Earl of Surrey did not, however, make any en-

¹ In-vēr-leith' (*ei* like *ē*).

deavor to invade Scotland, or to take any advantage of the great victory he had obtained, by attempting the conquest of that country. Experience had taught the ²⁸⁵ English that, though it might be easy for them to overrun their northern neighbors, to ravage provinces, and to take castles and cities, yet that the obstinate valor of the Scots and their love of independence had always, in the long run, found means of expelling the invaders. ²⁹⁰ With great moderation and wisdom, Henry, or his ministers, therefore, resolved rather to conciliate the friendship of the Scots, by foregoing the immediate advantages which the victory of Flodden afforded them, than to commence another invasion, which, however distress- ²⁹⁵ ing to Scotland, was likely, as in the Bruce and Baliol wars, to terminate in the English also sustaining great loss and ultimately being again driven out of the kingdom. The English counsellors remembered that Margaret, the widow of James, was the sister of the King of ³⁰⁰ England—that she must become regent of the kingdom, and would naturally be a friend to her native country. They knew that the late war had been undertaken by the King of Scotland against the wish of his people; and with noble as well as wise policy they endeavored ³⁰⁵ rather to render Scotland once more a friendly power than, by invasion and violence, to convert her into an irreconcilable enemy.



HIGHLAND DIRK.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

BY WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

NEWS of battle! news of battle!
Hark! 't is ringing down the street;
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! who hath brought it? 5
News of triumph! who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant king?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar, 10
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky;
Fearful lights that never beckon 15
Save when kings or heroes die.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder¹—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?" 20
And the heavy gates are opened;
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd.

¹ Gate-keeper.

For they see in battered harness¹ 25
 Only one hard-stricken man ;
 And his weary steed is wounded,
 And his cheek is pale and wan :
 Spearless hangs a bloody banner
 In his weak and drooping hand— 30
 God! can that be Randolph Murray,
 Captain of the city band?
 Round him crush the people, crying,
 “Tell us all—O, tell us true!
 Where are they who went to battle, 35
 Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
 Where are they, our brothers—children?
 Have they met the English foe?
 Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
 Is it weal or is it woe?” 40
 Like a corpse the grisly² warrior
 Looks from out his helm of steel ;
 But no word he speaks in answer—
 Only with his armèd heel
 Chides his weary steed, and onward 45
 Up the city streets they ride,—
 Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, praying, by his side.
 “By the God that made thee, Randolph,
 Tell us what mischance hath come!” 50
 Then he lifts his riven banner,
 And the asker’s voice is dumb.
 The elders of the city
 Have met within their hall—
 The men whom good King James had charged 55
 To watch the tower and wall.

¹ Armor.² Frightful.



**"God! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?"**

"Your hands are weak with age," he said,
 "Your hearts are stout and true ;
 So bide¹ ye in the Maiden Town,
 While others fight for you. 60
 My trumpet from the Border-side
 Shall send a blast so clear
 That all who wait within the gate
 That stirring sound may hear.
 Or, if it be the will of Heaven 65
 That back I never come,
 And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
 Ye hear the English drum,—
 Then let the warning bells ring out,
 Then gird you to the fray, 70
 Then man the walls like burghers² stout,
 And fight while fight you may.
 'T were better that in fiery flame
 The roofs should thunder down
 Than that the foot of foreign foe 75
 Should trample in the town !"³

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
 His step was slow and weak,
 And, as he doffed³ his dinted helm,
 The tears ran down his cheek : 80
 They fell upon his corslet⁴
 And on his mailèd hand,
 As he gazed around him wistfully,
 Leaning sorely on his brand ;
 And none who then beheld him 85
 But straight were smote with fear,

¹ Abide, remain.

² Took off.

³ Citizens.

⁴ Body armor.

For a bolder and a sterner man
 Had never couched¹ a spear.
 They knew so sad a messenger
 Some ghastly news must bring ; 90
 And all of them were fathers,
 And their sons were with the king.

And up then rose the provost²—
 A brave old man was he,
 Of ancient name, and knightly fame, 95
 And chivalrous degree.
 He ruled our city like a lord
 Who brooked³ no equal here,
 And ever for the townsman's rights
 Stood up 'gainst prince and peer. 100
 And he had seen the Scottish host
 March from the Borough-moor,
 With music-storm and clamorous shout,
 And all the din that thunders out
 When youth 's of victory sure ; 105
 But yet a dearer thought had he,—
 For, with a father's pride,
 He saw his last remaining son
 Go forth by Randolph's side,
 With casque⁴ on head and spur on heel, 110
 All keen to do and dare ;
 And proudly did that gallant boy
 Dunedin's⁵ banner bear.
 O, woful now was the old man's look,
 And he spake right heavily ! 115
 " Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
 However sharp they be !

¹ Aimed. See *Notes*.² Mayor, chief magistrate.³ Bore, endured.⁴ Helmet.⁵ Edinburgh's.

Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face;
Speak! though it be of overthrow, 120
It cannot be disgrace!"

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud;
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud; 125

Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying: "This is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it— 130

It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.

One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low, 135
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.

Ay! ye may well look upon it—
There is more than honor there;
Else, be sure, I had not brought it 140
From the field of dark despair.

Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie. 145

Sirs, I charge you keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing;
For the stain ye see upon it
Was the life-blood of your king!"

Woe, woe, and lamentation, 150
 What a piteous cry was there!
 Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
 Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
 Through the streets the death-word rushes,
 Spreading terror, sweeping on. 155
 "Jesu Christ! our king has fallen—
 O Great God, King James is gone!
 Holy Mother Mary, shield us,
 Thou who erst¹ didst lose thy Son!
 O the blackest day for Scotland 160
 That she ever knew before!
 O our king—the good, the noble!
 Shall we see him never more?
 Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
 O our sons, our sons and men! 165
 Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,²
 Surely some will come again!"
 Till the oak that fell last winter
 Shall uprear its shattered stem,
 Wives and mothers of Dunedin, 170
 Ye may look in vain for them!

But within the council chamber
 All was silent as the grave,
 Whilst the tempest of their sorrow
 Shook the bosoms of the brave. 175
 Well indeed might they be shaken
 With the weight of such a blow;
 He was gone—their prince, their idol,
 Whom they loved and worshipped so!
 Like a knell of death and judgment, 180
 Rung from heaven by angel hand,

¹ Formerly.² Southerner, Englishman.

Fell the words of desolation
 On the elders of the land.
 Hoary heads were bowed and trembling,
 Withered hands were clasped and wrung; 185
 God had left the old and feeble,
 He had ta'en away the young.

Then the provost he uprose,
 And his lips were ashen white ;
 But a flush was on his brow, 190
 And his eye was full of light.

“Thou hast spoken, Randolph Murray,
 Like a soldier stout and true ;
 Thou hast done a deed of daring
 Had been perilled ¹ but by few. 195

For thou hast not shamed to face us,
 Nor to speak thy ghastly tale,
 Standing—thou a knight and captain—
 Here, alive within thy mail! ²

Now, as my God shall judge me, 200
 I hold it braver done
 Than hadst thou tarried in thy place
 And died above my son !

Thou need'st not tell it : he is dead.
 God help us all this day ! 205
 But speak—how fought the citizens
 Within the furious fray?

For, by the might of Mary,
 'T were something still to tell,
 That no Scottish foot went backward 210
 When the Royal Lion fell !”

¹ Ventured, dared.

² Armor.

"No one failed him! He is keeping
 Royal state and semblance still;
 Knight and noble lie around him,
 Cold on Flodden's fatal hill. 215
 Of the brave and gallant-hearted,
 Whom ye sent with prayers away,
 Not a single man departed
 From his monarch yesterday.
 Had you seen them, O my masters, 220
 When the night began to fall
 And the English spearmen gathered
 Round, a grim and ghastly wall!
 As the wolves in winter circle
 Round the leaguer¹ on the heath, 225
 So the greedy foe glared upward,
 Panting still for blood and death.
 But a rampart rose before them,
 Which the boldest dare not scale;
 Every stone a Scottish body, 230
 Every step a corpse in mail!
 And behind it lay our monarch,
 Clenching still his shivered sword;
 By his side Montrose and Athole,
 At his feet a Southron lord. 235
 All so thick they lay together,
 When the stars lit up the sky,
 That I knew not who were stricken
 Or who yet remained to die.
 Few there were when Surrey halted, 240
 And his wearied host withdrew;
 None but dying men around me
 When the English trumpet blew.

¹ Camp.

Then I stooped and took the banner,
 As you see it, from his breast, 245
 And I closed our hero's eyelids
 And I left him to his rest.
 In the mountain growled the thunder,
 As I leaped the woful wall,
 And the heavy clouds were settling 250
 Over Flodden like a pall."

So he ended, and the others
 Cared not any answer then ;
 Sitting silent, dumb with sorrow,
 Sitting anguish-struck, like men 255
 Who have seen the roaring torrent
 Sweep their happy homes away,
 And yet linger by the margin,
 Staring wildly on the spray.
 But, without, the maddening tumult 260
 Waxes ever more and more,
 And the crowd of wailing women
 Gather round the council door.
 Every dusky spire is ringing
 With a dull and hollow knell, 265
 And the Miserere 's¹ singing
 To the tolling of the bell.
 Through the streets the burghers hurry,
 Spreading terror as they go ;
 And the rampart 's thronged with watchers 270
 For the coming of the foe.
 From each mountain-top a pillar
 Streams into the torpid air,
 Bearing token from the Border
 That the English host is there. 275

¹ See *Notes*.

All without is flight and terror,
 All within is woe and fear—
 God protect thee, Maiden City,
 For thy latest hour is near!
 No! not yet, thou high Dunedin, 280
 Shalt thou totter to thy fall,
 Though thy bravest and thy strongest
 Are not there to man the wall.
 No, not yet! the ancient spirit
 Of our fathers hath not gone; 285
 Take it to thee as a buckler
 Better far than steel or stone.
 O, remember those who perished
 For thy birthright at the time
 When to be a Scot was treason 290
 And to side with Wallace¹ crime!
 Have they not a voice among us,
 Whilst their hallowed dust is here?
 Hear ye not a summons sounding
 From each buried warrior's bier? 295
 Up!—they say—and keep the freedom
 Which we won you long ago!
 Up! and keep our graves unsullied
 From the insults of the foe!
 Up! and if ye cannot save them, 300
 Come to us in blood and fire!
 Midst the crash of falling turrets
 Let the last of Scots expire!

 Still the bells are tolling fiercely,
 And the cry comes louder in; 305
 Mothers wailing for their children,
 Sisters for their slaughtered kin.

¹ See *Notes*.

All is terror and disorder,
 Till the provost rises up,
 Calm as though he had not tasted 310
 Of the fell and bitter cup.
 All so stately from his sorrow,
 Rose the old undaunted chief,
 That you had not deemed, to see him,
 His was more than common grief. 315
 "Rouse ye, sirs!" he said; "we may not
 Longer mourn for what is done;
 If our king be taken from us,
 We are left to guard his son.
 We have sworn to keep the city 320
 From the foe, whate'er they be,
 And the oath that we have taken
 Never shall be broke by me.
 Death is nearer to us, brethren,
 Than it seemed to those who died, 325
 Fighting yesterday at Flodden,
 By their lord and master's side.
 Let us meet it then in patience,
 Not in terror or in fear;
 'Though our hearts are bleeding yonder, 330
 Let our souls be steadfast here.
 Up, and rouse ye! Time is fleeting,
 And we yet have much to do!
 Up! and haste ye through the city,
 Stir the burghers stout and true! 335
 Gather all our scattered people,
 Fling the banner out once more!—
 Randolph Murray, do thou bear it,
 As it erst was borne before!
 Never Scottish heart will leave it 340
 When they see their monarch's gore!

Let them cease that dismal knelling!
 It is time enough to ring
 When the fortress-strength¹ of Scotland
 Stoops to ruin like its king. 345
 Let the bells be kept for warning,
 Not for terror or alarm;
 When they next are heard to thunder,
 Let each man and stripling arm.
 Bid the women leave their wailing— 350
 Do they think that woful strain,
 From the bloody heaps of Flodden,
 Can redeem their dearest slain?
 Bid them cease—or rather hasten
 To the churches every one; 355
 There to pray to Mary Mother
 And to her anointed Son,
 That the thunderbolt above us
 May not fall in ruin yet;
 That in fire and blood and rapine 360
 Scotland's glory may not set.
 Let them pray—for never women
 Stood in need of such a prayer!—
 England's yeomen² shall not find them
 Clinging to the altars there. 365
 No! if we are doomed to perish,
 Man and maiden, let us fall,
 And a common gulf of ruin
 Open wide to whelm us all!
 Never shall the ruthless spoiler 370
 Lay his hot insulting hand
 On the sisters of our heroes
 While we bear a torch or brand!

¹ Edinburgh Castle.² Soldiers. See *Notes*.

Up! and rouse ye, then, my brothers!
But when next ye hear the bell 375
Sounding forth the sullen summons
That may be our funeral knell,
Once more let us meet together,
Once more see each other's face;
Then, like men that need not tremble, 380
Go to our appointed place.
God, our Father, will not fail us
In that last tremendous hour;
If all other bulwarks crumble,
He will be our strength and tower. 385
Though the ramparts rock beneath us
And the walls go crashing down,
Though the roar of conflagration
Bellow o'er the sinking town,
There is yet one place of shelter 390
Where the foeman cannot come,
Where the summons never sounded
Of the trumpet or the drum.
There again we'll meet our children,
Who, on Flodden's trampled sod, 395
For their king and for their country
Rendered up their souls to God.
There shall we find rest and refuge
With our dear departed brave,
And the ashes of the city 400
Be our universal grave!"





JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND.

THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH.¹

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

JAMES THE FIFTH had a custom of going about the country disguised as a private person, in order that he might hear complaints which might not otherwise reach his ears, and, perhaps, that he might enjoy amusement which he could not have partaken of in his avowed royal character.

When James travelled in disguise he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the ten-

¹ Bal'-len-giech (-geek).

ant, that is) of Ballengiech. Ballengiech is a steep pass ¹⁰ which leads down behind the castle of Stirling. Once upon a time, when the court was feasting in Stirling, the king sent for some venison from the neighboring hills. The deer were killed and put on horses' backs to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to ¹⁵ pass the castle gates of Arnpryor,¹ belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who chanced to have a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat ²⁰ venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he answered insolently that if James was king in Scotland, he, Buchanan, was king in Kippen, being the name of the district in which the castle ²⁵ of Arnpryor lay. On hearing what had happened, the king got on horseback and rode instantly from Stirling to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong, fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the ³⁰ king admittance, saying that the laird of Arnpryor was at dinner and would not be disturbed. "Yet go up to the company, my good friend," said the king, "and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the King of Kippen." The porter went grumbling ³⁵ into the house and told his master that there was a fellow with a red beard at the gate, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, who said he was come to dine with the King of Kippen. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the king was come in person, ⁴⁰ and hastened down to kneel at James's feet and to ask

¹ Arn'-pryor.

forgiveness for his insolent behavior. But the king, who only meant to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan of Arnpryor was 45 ever afterwards called the King of Kippen.

Upon another occasion, King James, being alone and in disguise, fell into a quarrel with some gypsies, or other vagrants, and was assaulted by four or five of them. This chanced to be very near the bridge of Cra- 50 mond;¹ so the king got on the bridge, which, as it was high and narrow, enabled him to defend himself with his sword against the number of persons by whom he was attacked. There was a poor man threshing corn in a barn near by, who came out on hearing the noise of the 55 scuffle and, seeing one man defending himself against numbers, gallantly took the king's part with his flail, to such good purpose that the gypsies were obliged to fly. The husbandman then took the king into the barn, brought him a towel and water to wash the blood from 60 his face and hands, and finally walked with him a little way towards Edinburgh, in case he should be again attacked. On the way, the king asked his companion what and who he was. The laborer answered that his name was John Howieson,² and that he was a bondsman 65 on the farm of Braehead,³ near Cramond, which belonged to the King of Scotland. James then asked the poor man if there was any wish in the world which he would particularly desire should be gratified; and honest John confessed he should think himself the happiest 70 man in Scotland were he but proprietor of the farm on which he wrought as a laborer. He then asked the

¹ Cra'-mond (*a* as in *ah*).

² How'-ie-son.

³ Brae'-head (*ae* as *a*).

king in turn who *he* was, and James replied, as usual, that he was the Goodman of Ballengiech, a poor man who had a small appointment about the palace; but he 75 added that, if John Howieson would come to see him on the next Sunday, he would endeavor to repay his manful assistance and, at least, give him the pleasure of seeing the royal apartments.

John put on his best clothes, as you may suppose, and, 80 appearing at a postern gate of the palace, inquired for the Goodman of Ballengiech. The king had given orders that he should be admitted; and John found his friend, the goodman, in the same disguise which he had formerly worn. The king, still preserving the character 85 of an inferior officer of the household, conducted John Howieson from one apartment of the palace to another, and was amused with his wonder and his remarks. At length James asked his visitor if he should like to see the king; to which John replied that nothing would de- 90 light him so much, if he could do so without giving offence. The Goodman of Ballengiech, of course, undertook that the king would not be angry. "But," said John, "how am I to know his grace from the nobles who will be all about him?"—"Easily," replied his com- 95 panion; "all the others will be uncovered—the king alone will wear his hat or bonnet."

So speaking, King James introduced the countryman into a great hall, which was filled by the nobility and officers of the crown. John was a little frightened and 100 drew close to his attendant, but was still unable to distinguish the king. "I told you that you should know him by his wearing his hat," said the conductor. "Then," said John, after he had again looked around the room, "it must be either you or me, for all but us two are 105 bareheaded."

The king laughed at John's fancy ; and, that the good yeoman might have occasion for mirth also, he made him a present of the farm of Braehead, which he had wished so much to possess, on condition that John Howieson or his successors should be ready to present a ewer and basin for the king to wash his hands when his majesty should come to Holyrood Palace or should pass the bridge of Cramond.



GREAT SEAL OF JAMES V.



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS RESIGNS THE CROWN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[*Roland Græme of Scott's novel, THE ABBOT, answers to the Willy Douglas, or "the little Douglas," of history. Through the Earl of Murray he enters the service of Queen Mary while she is a prisoner in Lochleven Castle. While waiting in the ante-room of her apartments he sees from the window Lindesay, Melville, and their followers disembark and approach the castle gate, where they are met by Lord Ruthven. He makes fast the door of the ante-room and awaits their approach.*]

HE had not long to wait—a rude and strong hand

first essayed to lift the latch, then pushed and shook the door with violence, and, when it resisted his attempt to open it, exclaimed, "Undo the door there, you within!"

"Why, and at whose command," said the page, "am I to undo the door of the apartments of the Queen of Scotland?"

Another vain attempt, which made hinge and bolt jingle, showed that the impatient applicant without would willingly have entered altogether regardless of his challenge; but at length an answer was returned.

"Undo the door, on your peril—the Lord Lindsay comes to speak with the Lady Mary of Scotland."

"The Lord Lindsay, as a Scottish noble," answered the page, "must await his sovereign's leisure."

An earnest altercation ensued amongst those without, in which Roland distinguished the remarkable harsh voice of Lindsay in reply to Sir Robert Melville, who appeared to have been using some soothing language—
 "No! no! no! I tell thee, no! I will place a petard¹ against the door rather than be balked by a profligate woman and bearded by an insolent footboy."

"Yet, at least," said Melville, "let me try fair means in the first instance. Violence to a lady would stain your scutcheon² forever. Or await till my Lord Ruthven comes."

"I will await no longer," said Lindsay; "it is high time the business were done and we on our return to the council. But thou mayst try thy fair play, as thou callest it, while I cause my train to prepare the petard. I came hither provided with as good gunpowder as blew up the Kirk of Field."

"For God's sake, be patient," said Melville; and, ap-

¹ Bomb. ² That is, your honor. See *Notes*. ³ See *Notes*.

proaching the door, he said, as speaking to those within, "Let the queen know that I, her faithful servant, Robert Melville, do entreat her, for her own sake and to prevent worse consequences, that she will undo the door and admit Lord Lindsay, who brings a mission from the Council of State."

"I will do your errand to the queen," said the page, "and report to you her answer."

He went to the door of the bedchamber, and, tapping against it gently, it was opened by the elderly lady,¹ to whom he communicated his errand, and returned with directions from the queen to admit Sir Robert Melville and Lord Lindsay. Roland Græme returned to the vestibule² and opened the door accordingly, into which the Lord Lindsay strode, with the air of a soldier who has fought his way into a conquered fortress, while Melville, deeply dejected, followed him more slowly.

"I draw you to witness and to record," said the page to this last, "that, save for the especial commands of the queen, I would have made good the entrance with my best strength and my best blood against all Scotland."

"Be silent, young man," said Melville in a tone of grave rebuke; "add not brands to fire—this is no time to make a flourish of thy boyish chivalry."

"She has not appeared even yet," said Lindsay, who had now reached the midst of the parlor or audience-room; "how call you this trifling?"

"Patience, my lord," replied Sir Robert, "time presses not—and Lord Ruthven hath not as yet descended."

At this moment the door of the inner apartment opened, and Queen Mary presented herself, advancing with an air of peculiar grace and majesty, and seeming

¹ One of the queen's attendants.

² Ante-room.

totally unruffled either by the visit or by the rude manner in which it had been enforced. Her dress was a robe of black velvet; a small ruff open in front gave a full view of her beautifully formed chin and neck, but veiled the bosom. On her head she wore a small cap⁷⁰ of lace, and a transparent white veil hung from her shoulders over the long black robe in large loose folds, so that it could be drawn at pleasure over the face and person. She wore a cross of gold around her neck, and had her rosary of gold and ebony hanging from her⁷⁵ girdle. She was closely followed by her two ladies, who remained standing behind her during the conference. Even Lord Lindesay, though the rudest noble of that rude age, was surprised into something like respect by the unconcerned and majestic mien of her⁸⁰ whom he had expected to find frantic with impotent passion, or dissolved in useless and vain sorrow, or overwhelmed with the fears likely in such a situation to assail fallen royalty.

“We fear we have detained you, my Lord of Linde-⁸⁵ say,” said the queen, while she courtesied with dignity in answer to his reluctant obeisance, “but a female does not willingly receive her visitors without some minutes spent at the toilet. Men, my lord, are less dependent on such ceremonies.”⁹⁰

Lord Lindesay, casting his eye down on his own travel-stained and disordered dress, muttered something of a hasty journey, and the queen paid her greeting to Sir Robert Melville with courtesy, and even, as it seemed, with kindness. There was then a dead pause, during⁹⁵ which Lindesay looked towards the door, as if expecting with impatience the colleague¹ of their embassy. The

¹ Companion, fellow-member.

queen alone was entirely unembarrassed, and, as if to break the silence, she addressed Lord Lindesay, with a glance at the large and cumbrous sword which he wore. 100

“You have there a trusty and a weighty travelling companion, my lord. I trust you expected to meet with no enemy here, against whom such a formidable weapon could be necessary? It is, methinks, somewhat a singular ornament for a court, though I am, as I well need 105 to be, too much of a Stuart to fear a sword.”

“It is not the first time, madam,” replied Lindesay, bringing round the weapon so as to rest its point on the ground, and leaning one hand on the huge cross-handle—“it is not the first time that this weapon has in- 110 truded itself into the presence of the House of Stuart.”

“Possibly, my lord,” replied the queen, “it may have done service to my ancestors. Your ancestors were men of loyalty.”

“Ay, madam,” replied he, “service it hath done; but 115 such as kings love neither to acknowledge nor to reward. It was the service which the knife renders to the tree when trimming it to the quick and depriving it of the superfluous growth of rank and unfruitful suckers, which rob it of nourishment.” 120

“You talk riddles, my lord,” said Mary; “I will hope the explanation carries nothing insulting with it.”

“You shall judge, madam,” answered Lindesay. “With this good sword was Archibald Douglas, Earl of Angus, girded on the memorable day when he acquired 125 the name of Bell-the-Cat for dragging from the presence of your great grandfather, the third James of the race, a crew of minions, flatterers, and favorites, whom he hanged over the bridge of Lauder, as a warning to such reptiles how they approach a Scottish throne. With 130

this same weapon the same inflexible champion of Scottish honor and nobility slew at one blow Spens of Kilspindie,¹ a courtier of your grandfather, James the Fourth, who had dared to speak lightly of him in the royal presence. They fought near the brook of Fala; ¹³⁵ and Bell-the-Cat, with this blade, sheared through the thigh of his opponent and lopped the limb as easily as a shepherd's boy slices a twig from a sapling."

"My lord," replied the queen, reddening, "my nerves are too good to be alarmed even by this terrible his- ¹⁴⁰ tory." Lord Ruthven entered at the instant, holding in his hand a packet. As the queen returned his salutation she became deadly pale, but instantly recovered herself by dint of strong and sudden resolution, just as the noble, whose appearance seemed to excite such ¹⁴⁵ emotions in her bosom, entered the apartment in company with George Douglas, the youngest son of the Knight of Lochleven,² who, during the absence of his father and brethren, acted as seneschal³ of the castle, under the direction of the elder Lady Lochleven, his ¹⁵⁰ father's mother.

Lord Ruthven had the look and bearing which became a soldier and a statesman, and the martial cast of his form and features procured him the popular epithet of Greysteil,⁴ by which he was distinguished by his inti- ¹⁵⁵ mates, after the hero of a metrical romance then generally known. His dress, which was a buff-coat embroidered, had a half-military character, but exhibited nothing of that sordid negligence which distinguished that of Lindsay. But the son of an ill-fated sire, and the fa- ¹⁶⁰

¹ Kil-spin'-die.

² Loch-lev'-en (*ch* like *l*).

³ Commander (pronounced sen'-e-shal). See *Notes*.

⁴ Grey'-steil (-steel).

ther of a yet more unfortunate family, bore in his look that cast of inauspicious melancholy by which the physiognomists¹ of that time pretended to distinguish those who were predestined to a violent and unhappy death.

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The terror which the presence of this nobleman impressed on the queen's mind arose from the active share he had borne in the slaughter of David Rizzio;² his father having presided at the perpetration of that abominable crime, although so weak from long and wasting¹⁷⁰ illness that he could not endure the weight of his armor, having arisen from a sick-bed to commit a murder in the presence of his sovereign. On that occasion his son also had attended and taken an active part. It was little to be wondered at that the queen, considering her¹⁷⁵ condition when such a deed of horror was acted in her presence, should retain an instinctive terror for the principal actors in the murder. She returned, however, with grace the salutation of Lord Ruthven, and extended her hand to George Douglas, who knelt and kissed it¹⁸⁰ with respect. There was a brief pause, during which the steward of the castle, a man of a sad brow and a severe eye, placed, under George Douglas's directions, a table and writing materials; and the page, obedient to his mistress's dumb signal, advanced a large chair to the¹⁸⁵ side on which the queen stood, the table thus forming a sort of bar which divided the queen and her personal followers from her unwelcome visitors. The steward then withdrew after a low reverence.

"I wait the purpose of your mission, my lords," said¹⁹⁰ the queen, after she had been seated for about a minute without a word being spoken—"I wait your message

¹ See *Notes*.

² Pronounced Rit'-se-o.

from those you call the Secret Council. I trust it is a petition of pardon, and a desire that I will resume my rightful throne, without using with due severity my right¹⁹⁵ of punishing those who have dispossessed me of it."

"Madam," replied Ruthven, "it is painful for us to speak harsh truths to a princess who has long ruled us. But we come to offer, not to implore, pardon. In a word, madam, we have to propose to you on the part of²⁰⁰ the Secret Council that you sign these deeds, which will contribute greatly to the pacification¹ of the state, the advancement of God's word, and the welfare of your own future life."

"Am I expected to take these fair words on trust, my²⁰⁵ lord? or may I hear the contents of those reconciling papers ere I am asked to sign them?"

"Unquestionably, madam; it is our purpose and wish you should read what you are required to sign," replied Ruthven. 210

"Required?" replied the queen, with some emphasis; "but the phrase suits well the matter—read, my lord."

The Lord Ruthven proceeded to read a formal instrument, running in the queen's name, and setting forth that she had been called, at an early age, to the admin-²¹⁵ istration of the crown and realm of Scotland, and had toiled diligently therein until she was in body and spirit so wearied out and disgusted that she was unable any longer to endure the travail and pain of state affairs; and that, since God had blessed her with a fair and²²⁰ hopeful son, she was desirous to insure to him, even while she yet lived, his succession to the crown which was his by right of hereditary descent.

"And is this *all* my loving subjects require of me, my

¹ Making peaceful.

lord?" said Mary, in a tone of bitter irony. "Do they ²²⁵ really stint themselves to the easy boon that I should yield up the crown, which is mine by birthright, to an infant which is scarcely more than a year old—fling down my sceptre, and take up a distaff? O, no! it is too little for them to ask—that other roll of parchment ²³⁰ contains something harder to be complied with, and which may more highly tax my readiness to comply with the petitions of my lieges."¹

"This parchment," answered Ruthven, in the same tone of inflexible gravity, and unfolding the instrument ²³⁵ as he spoke, "is one by which your grace constitutes your nearest in blood, and the most honorable and trustworthy of your subjects, James, Earl of Murray, regent of the kingdom during the minority of the young king. He already holds the appointment from the Se- ²⁴⁰cret Council."

The queen gave a sort of shriek and, clapping her hands together, exclaimed, "Comes the arrow out of his quiver?—out of my brother's bow?—Alas! I looked for his return from France as my sole, at least my read- ²⁴⁵iest, chance of deliverance. And yet when I heard that he had assumed the government I guessed he would shame to wield it in my name."

"I must pray your answer, madam," said Lord Ruthven, "to the demand of the council."²⁵⁰

"The demand of the council!" said the queen; "say rather the demand of a set of robbers, impatient to divide the spoil they have seized. To such a demand, and sent by the mouth of a traitor, whose scalp, but for my womanish mercy, should long since have stood on ²⁵⁵the city gates, Mary of Scotland has no answer."

¹ Subjects.

"I trust, madam," said Lord Ruthven, "my being unacceptable to your presence will not add to your obduracy of resolution. It may become you to remember that the death of the minion, Rizzio, cost the house of 260 Ruthven its head and leader. My father, more worthy than a whole province of such vile sycophants,¹ died in exile and broken-hearted."

The queen clasped her hands on her face, and, resting her arms on the table, stooped down her head and 265 wept so bitterly that the tears were seen to find their way in streams between the white and slender fingers with which she endeavored to conceal them.

"My lords," said Robert Melville, "this is too much rigor. Under your lordship's favor, we came hither, not 270 to revive old griefs, but to find the mode of avoiding new ones."

"Be silent, Sir Robert Melville," said the queen, arising, and her face still glowing with agitation as she spoke. "My kerchief, Fleming—I shame that traitors 275 should have power to move me thus. Tell me, proud lords," she added, wiping away the tears as she spoke, "by what earthly warrant can liege subjects pretend to challenge the rights of an anointed sovereign—to throw off the allegiance they have vowed, and to take away 280 the crown from the head on which divine warrant hath placed it?"

"Madam," said Ruthven, "I will deal plainly with you. Your reign, from the dismal field of Pinkiecleugh,² when you were a babe in the cradle, till now that ye 285 stand a grown dame before us, hath been such a tragedy of losses, disasters, civil dissensions, and foreign wars, that the like is not to be found in our chronicles. The

¹ Flatterers.

² Pink-ie-cleugh' (-cloo).

French and English have, with one consent, made Scotland the battle-field on which to fight out their own ancient quarrel. For ourselves, every man's hand hath been against his brother, nor hath a year passed over without rebellion, exile of nobles, and oppressing of the commons.¹ We may endure it no longer, and therefore, as a prince to whom God hath refused the gift of hearing to wise counsel, and on whose dealings and projects no blessing hath ever descended, we pray you to give way to other rule and governance of the land, that a remnant may yet be saved to this distracted realm."

300

"My lord," said Mary, "it seems to me that you fling on my unhappy and devoted head those evils, which, with far more justice, I may impute to your own turbulent, wild, and untamable dispositions—the frantic violence with which you, the magnates² of Scotland, enter into feuds against each other, sticking at no cruelty to gratify your wrath, taking deep revenge for the slightest offences, and setting at defiance those wise laws which your ancestors made for stanching of such cruelty, rebelling against the lawful authority, and bearing yourselves as if there were no king in the land; or rather as if each were king in his own premises. And now you throw the blame on me—on me, whose life has been embittered—whose sleep has been broken—whose happiness has been wrecked by your dissensions. Have I not myself been obliged to traverse wilds and mountains, at the head of a few faithful followers, to maintain peace and to put down oppression? Have I not worn harness³ on my person and carried pistols at my saddle, fain to lay aside the softness of a woman and the dig-

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¹ Common people.² Nobles.³ Armor.

nity of a queen that I might show an example to my followers?"

"We grant, madam," said Lindsay, "that the affrays occasioned by your misgovernment may sometimes have startled you in the midst of a masque¹ or galliard;² or³²⁵ it may be that such may have interrupted the idolatry of the mass or the Jesuitical counsels of some French ambassador. But the longest and severest journey which your grace has taken in my memory was from Hawick to Hermitage Castle; and whether it was for³³⁰ the weal of the state or for your own honor rests with your grace's conscience."

The queen turned to him with an inexpressible sweetness of tone and manner, and that engaging look which Heaven had assigned her, as if to show that the choicest³³⁵ arts to win men's affections may be given in vain. "Lindsay," she said, "you spoke not to me in this stern tone and with such scurril taunt yon fair summer evening when you and I shot at the butts against the Earl of Mar and Mary Livingstone, and won of them³⁴⁰ the evening's collation, in the privy garden of Saint Andrews. The Master of Lindsay was then my friend, and vowed to be my soldier. How I have offended the Lord of Lindsay I know not, unless honors have changed manners."³⁴⁵

Hard-hearted as he was, Lindsay seemed struck with this unexpected appeal, but almost instantly replied: "Madam, it is well known that your grace could in those days make fools of whomever approached you. I pretend not to have been wiser than others. But gayer³⁵⁰ men and better courtiers soon jostled aside my rude homage, and I think your grace cannot but remember

¹ See *Notes*.

² A lively dance.

times when my awkward attempts to take the manners that pleased you were the sport of the court-popinjays, the Marys, and the Frenchwomen." 355

"My lord, I grieve if I have offended you through idle gayety," said the queen; "and can but say it was most unwittingly¹ done. You are fully revenged; for through gayety," she said with a sigh, "will I never offend any one more." 360

"Madam," said Ruthven, "we know that you are an orator; and perhaps for that reason the council has sent hither men whose converse hath been more with the wars than with the language of the schools or the cabals² of state. We but desire to know if, on assurance of life 365 and honor, ye will demit³ the rule of this kingdom of Scotland?"

"And what warrant have I," said the queen, "that ye will keep treaty with me, if I should barter my kingly estate for seclusion and leave to weep in secret?" 370

"Our honor and our word, madam," answered Ruthven.

"They are too slight and unsolid pledges, my lord," said the queen; "add at least a handful of thistle-down to give them weight in the balance."

"Away, Ruthven," said Lindesay; "she was ever deaf 375 to counsel, save of slaves and sycophants; let her remain by her refusal, and abide by it!"

"Stay, my lord," said Sir Robert Melville, "or rather permit me to have but a few minutes' private audience with her grace. If my presence with you could avail 380 aught, it must be as a mediator—do not, I conjure⁴ you, leave the castle or break off the conference until I

¹ Unknowingly, unintentionally.

² Intrigues, plottings. See *Notes*.

³ Resign.

⁴ Entreat, beg.

bring you word how her grace shall finally stand disposed."

"We will remain in the hall," said Lindesay, "for ³⁸⁵ half an hour's space."

[Mary is reluctantly prevailed upon by Melville, and by the recommendation of some of her nobles and friends, to consent to the abdication.]

George Douglas opened the door of the apartment, and marshalled in the two noble envoys.

"We come, madam," said the Lord Ruthven, "to request your answer to the proposal of the council." ³⁹⁰

"Your final answer," said Lord Lindesay; "for with a refusal you must couple the certainty that you have precipitated¹ your fate and renounced the last opportunity of making peace with God and insuring your longer abode in the world." ³⁹⁵

"My lords," said Mary, with inexpressible grace and dignity, "the evils we cannot resist we must submit to—I will subscribe these parchments with such liberty of choice as my condition permits me. Were I on yonder shore, with a fleet jennet² and ten good and loyal ⁴⁰⁰ knights around me, I would subscribe my sentence of eternal condemnation as soon as the resignation of my throne. But here, in the Castle of Lochleven, with deep water around me—and you, my lords, beside me—I have no freedom of choice. Give me the pen, Melville, and ⁴⁰⁵ bear witness to what I do, and why I do it."

"It is our hope your grace will not suppose yourself compelled, by any apprehensions from us," said the Lord Ruthven, "to execute what must be your own voluntary deed." ⁴¹⁰

¹ Hastened.

² A small horse.

The queen had already stooped towards the table and placed the parchment before her, with the pen between her fingers, ready for the important act of signature. But when Lord Ruthven had done speaking, she looked up, stopped short, and threw down the pen. "If,"⁴¹⁵ she said, "I am expected to declare I give away my crown of free will, or otherwise than because I am compelled to renounce it by the threat of worse evils to myself and my subjects, I will not put name to such an untruth—not to gain full possession of England, France,⁴²⁰ and Scotland!—all once my own, in possession, or by right."

"Beware, madam," said Lindesay, and, snatching hold of the queen's arm with his own gauntleted¹ hand, he pressed it, in the rudeness of his passion, more closely,⁴²⁵ perhaps, than he was himself aware of—"beware how you contend with those who are the stronger, and have the mastery of your fate!"

He held his grasp on her arm, bending his eyes on her with a stern and intimidating look, till both Ruth-⁴³⁰ ven and Melville cried shame; and Douglas, who had hitherto remained in a state of apathy,² had made a stride from the door, as if to interfere. The rude baron then quitted his hold, disguising the confusion which he really felt at having indulged his passion to such ex-⁴³⁵ tent under a sullen and contemptuous smile.

The queen immediately began, with an expression of pain, to bare the arm which he had grasped, by drawing up the sleeve of her gown, and it appeared that his gripe had left the purple marks of his iron fingers upon her⁴⁴⁰ flesh—"My lord," she said, "as a knight and gentle-

¹ Wearing a *gauntlet*, or steel glove.

² Want of feeling, indifference.

man, you might have spared my frail arm so severe a proof that you have the greater strength on your side and are resolved to use it—but I thank you for it—it is the most decisive token of the terms on which this day's 445 business is to rest. I draw you to witness, both lords and ladies," she said, showing the marks of the grasp on her arm, "that I subscribe these instruments in obedience to the sign manual of my Lord of Lindsay, which you may see imprinted on mine arm." 450

Lindsay would have spoken, but was restrained by his colleague Ruthven, who said to him: "Peace, my lord. Let the Lady Mary of Scotland ascribe her signature to what she will, it is our business to procure it and carry it to the council. Should there be debate 455 hereafter on the manner in which it was adhibited,¹ there will be time enough for it."

Lindsay was silent accordingly, only muttering within his beard, "I meant not to hurt her; but I think woman's flesh be as tender as new-fallen snow." 460

The queen meanwhile subscribed the rolls of parchment with a hasty indifference, as if they had been matters of slight consequence or of mere formality. When she had performed this painful task she arose, and, having courtesied to the lords, was about to withdraw to 465 her chamber. Ruthven and Sir Robert Melville made, the first a formal reverence, the second an obeisance, in which his desire to acknowledge his sympathy was obviously checked by the fear of appearing in the eyes of his colleagues too partial to his former mistress. 470 But Lindsay stood motionless, even when they were preparing to withdraw. At length, as if moved by a sudden impulse, he walked round the table which had

¹ Affixed, appended.

hitherto been betwixt them and the queen, knelt on one knee, took her hand, kissed it, let it fall, and arose. ⁴⁷⁵
 "Lady," he said, "thou art a noble creature, even though thou hast abused God's choicest gifts. I pay that devotion to thy manliness of spirit which I would not have paid to the power thou hast long undeservedly wielded—I kneel to Mary Stuart, not to the queen." ⁴⁸⁰

"The queen and Mary Stuart pity thee alike, Lindsey," said Mary—"alike they pity, and they forgive thee. An honored soldier hadst thou been by a king's side—leagued with rebels what art thou but a good blade in the hands of a ruffian?—Farewell, my Lord Ruthven, ⁴⁸⁵ the smoother but the deeper traitor.—Farewell, Melville—mayst thou find masters that can understand state policy better, and have the means to reward it more richly than Mary Stuart.—Farewell, George of Douglas—make your respected grandame comprehend ⁴⁹⁰ that we would be alone for the remainder of the day—God wot ¹ we have need to collect our thoughts." All bowed and withdrew.

¹ Knows.

SIGNATURE OF QUEEN MARY.



LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCH- LEVEN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“LOOK from that window, Roland,” said the queen ;
“see you amongst the several lights which begin to
kindle and to glimmer palely through the gray of the
evening from the village of Kinross—seest thou, I say,
one solitary spark apart from the others, and nearer it 5
seems to the verge of the water? It is no brighter at
this distance than the torch of the poor glow-worm, and
yet, my good youth, that light is more dear to Mary
Stuart than every star that twinkles in the blue vault
of heaven. By that signal I know that more than one 10
true heart is plotting my deliverance ; and without that
consciousness and the hope of freedom it gives me I

had long since stooped to my fate and died of a broken heart. Plan after plan has been formed and abandoned, but still the light glimmers, and while it glimmers my ¹⁵ hope lives.—O, how many evenings have I sat musing in despair over our ruined schemes, and scarce hoping that I should again see that blessed signal, when it has suddenly kindled, and, like the lights of Saint Elmo in a tempest, brought hope and consolation where there ²⁰ was only dejection and despair!”

“If I mistake not,” answered Roland, “the candle shines from the house of Blinkhoolie,¹ the mail-gardener.”²

“Thou hast a good eye,” said the queen; “it is there ²⁵ where my trusty lieges—God and the saints pour blessings on them!—hold consultation for my deliverance. The voice of a wretched captive would die on these blue waters long ere it could mingle in their councils; and yet I can hold communication—I will confide the ³⁰ whole to thee—I am about to ask those faithful friends if the moment for the great attempt is nigh. Place the lamp in the window, Fleming.”

She obeyed, and immediately withdrew it. No sooner had she done so than the light in the cottage of the ³⁵ gardener disappeared.

“Now, count,” said Queen Mary, “for my heart beats so thick that I cannot count myself.”

The Lady Fleming began deliberately to count one, two, three, and when she had arrived at ten, the light on ⁴⁰ the shore again showed its pale twinkle.

“Now, our Lady be praised!” said the queen; “it was but two nights since that the absence of the light remained while I could tell thirty. The hour of deliver-

¹ Blink-hoo'-lie.

² One who raises garden produce for sale.

ance approaches. May God bless those who labor in ⁴⁵ it with such truth to me!—alas! with such hazard to themselves—and bless you too, my children! Come, we must to the audience-chamber again. Our absence might excite suspicion should they serve supper.”

They returned to the presence-chamber, and the even-⁵⁰ ing concluded as usual.

The next morning, at dinner-time, an unusual incident occurred. While Lady Douglas of Lochleven performed her daily duty of assistant and taster¹ at the queen’s table, she was told a man-at-arms had arrived, recom-⁵⁵ mended by her son, but without any letter or other token than what he brought by word of mouth.

“Hath he given you that token?” demanded the lady.

“He reserved it, as I think, for your ladyship’s ear,”
replied Randal. 60

“He doth well,” said the lady; “tell him to wait in the hall. But no—with your permission, madam” (to the queen), “let him attend me here.”

When the Lady Lochleven had retired, the queen said to Roland Græme, “I spy comfort in that stranger’s ⁶⁵ countenance; I know not why it should be so, but I am well persuaded he is a friend.”

“Your grace’s penetration does not deceive you,” answered the page; and he informed her that the abbot of Saint Mary’s himself played the part of the newly-⁷⁰ arrived soldier.

The queen crossed herself and looked upwards. “Unworthy sinner that I am,” she said, “that for my sake a man so holy, and so high in spiritual office, should wear the garb of a base sworder² and run the risk of dying ⁷⁵ the death of a traitor!”

¹ See *Notes*.

² Swordsman, soldier.

“Heaven will protect its own servant, madam,” said Catherine Seyton; “his aid would bring a blessing on our undertaking, were it not already blest for its own sake.”

“And now for the signal from the shore,” exclaimed Catherine; “my bosom tells me we shall see this night two lights instead of one gleam from that garden of Eden. And then, Roland, do you play your part manfully, and we will dance on the greensward like midnight fairies!”

Catherine’s conjecture misgave not, nor deceived her. In the evening two beams twinkled from the cottage instead of one; and the page heard, with beating heart, that the new retainer was ordered to stand sentinel on the outside of the castle. When he intimated this news to the queen, she held her hand out to him—he knelt, and when he raised it to his lips in all dutiful homage he found it was damp and cold as marble. “For God’s sake, madam, droop not now—sink not now!”

“Call upon our Lady, my liege,” said the Lady Fleming—“call upon your tutelar saint.”

“Call the spirits of the hundred kings you are descended from,” exclaimed the page; “in this hour of need, the resolution of a monarch were worth the aid of a hundred saints.”

“O, Roland Græme,” said Mary, in a tone of deep despondency, “be true to me—many have been false to me! Alas! I have not always been true to myself. My mind misgives me that I shall die in bondage, and that this bold attempt will cost all our lives. It was foretold me by a soothsayer¹ in France that I should die in prison and by a violent death, and here comes the hour—O, would to God it found me prepared!”

¹ Fortune-teller.

"Madam," said Catherine Seyton, "remember you are a queen. Better we all died in bravely attempting¹¹⁰ to gain our freedom than remain here to be poisoned, as men rid them of the noxious vermin that haunt old houses."

"You are right, Catherine," said the queen; "and Mary will bear her like herself. But, alas! your young¹¹⁵ and buoyant spirit can ill spell¹ the causes which have broken mine. Forgive me, my children, and farewell for a while—I will prepare both mind and body for this awful venture."

The keys had, with the wonted ceremonial, been pre-¹²⁰ sented to the Lady Lochleven. She stood with her back to the casement, which, like that of the queen's apartment, commanded a view of Kinross, with the church which stands at some distance from the town and nearer to the lake, then connected with the town by¹²⁵ straggling cottages. With her back to this casement, then, and her face to the table, on which the keys lay for an instant while she tasted the various dishes which were placed there, stood the Lady of Lochleven, more provokingly intent than usual—so at least it seemed to¹³⁰ her prisoners—upon the huge and heavy bunch of iron, the implements of their restraint. Just when, having finished her ceremony as taster of the queen's table, she was about to take up the keys, the page who stood beside her, and had handed her the dishes in succession,¹³⁵ looked sideways to the churchyard and exclaimed he saw corpse-candles² in the churchyard. The Lady of Lochleven was not without a touch, though a slight one, of the superstitions of the time; the fate of her sons made her alive to omens, and a corpse-light, as it was¹⁴⁰

¹ Understand.

² The Will-o'-the-wisp. See *Notes*.

called, in the family burial-place, boded death. She turned her head towards the casement—saw a distant glimmering—forgot her charge for one second, and in that second were lost the whole fruits of her former vigilance. The page held the forged keys under his 145 cloak, and with great dexterity exchanged them for the real ones. His utmost address¹ could not prevent a slight clash as he took up the latter bunch. “Who touches the keys?” said the lady; and while the page answered that the sleeve of his cloak had stirred them, 150 she looked round, possessed herself of the bunch which now occupied the place of the genuine keys, and again turned to gaze on the supposed corpse-candles.

“I hold these gleams,” she said, after a moment’s consideration, “to come, not from the churchyard, but 155 from the hut of the old gardener Blinkhoolie. I wonder what thrift that churl drives, that of late he hath ever had light in his house till the night grew deep. I thought him an industrious, peaceful man. If he turns resetter² of idle companions and night-walkers, the 160 place must be rid of him.”

“He may work his baskets, perchance,” said the page, desirous to stop the train of her suspicion.

“Or nets, may he not?” answered the lady.

“Ay, madam,” said Roland, “for trout and salmon.” 165

“Or for fools and knaves,” replied the lady; “but this shall be looked after to-morrow. I wish your grace and your company a good evening. Randal, attend us.” And Randal, who waited in the ante-chamber after having surrendered his bunch of keys, gave his escort to 170 his mistress as usual, while, leaving the queen’s apartments, she retired to her own.

¹ Skill, dexterity.

² Receiver, harborer.

"We have but brief time," said Queen Mary; "one of the two lights in the cottage is extinguished—that shows the boat is put off." 175

"They will row very slow," said the page, "or kent¹ where depth permits, to avoid noise. To our several tasks—I will communicate with the good father."

At the dead hour of midnight, when all was silent in the castle, the page put the key into the lock of the 180 wicket which opened into the garden, and which was at the bottom of a staircase which descended from the queen's apartment. "Now, turn smooth and softly, thou good bolt," said he, "if ever oil softened rust!" and his precautions had been so effectual that the bolt revolved 185 with little or no sound of resistance. He ventured not to cross the threshold, but, exchanging a word with the disguised abbot, asked if the boat were ready?

"This half-hour," said the sentinel. "She lies beneath the wall, too close under the islet to be seen by 190 the warder, but I fear she will hardly escape his notice in putting off again."

"The darkness," said the page, "and our profound silence, may take her off unobserved, as she came in. Hildebrand has the watch on the tower—a heavy-195 headed² knave, who holds a can of ale to be the best headpiece upon a night-watch. He sleeps for a wager."

"Then bring the queen," said the abbot, "and I will call Henry Seyton to assist them to the boat."

On tiptoe, with noiseless step and suppressed breath, 200 trembling at every rustle of their own apparel, one after another the fair prisoners glided down the winding stair; the queen, her native spirit prevailing over female

¹ Propel the boat by pushing with a pole against the bottom of the lake.

² Dull, stupid.

fear and a thousand painful reflections, moved steadily forward, by the assistance of Henry Seyton—while the 205 Lady Fleming encumbered with her fears and her helplessness Roland Græme, who followed in the rear, and who bore under the other arm a packet of necessaries belonging to the queen. The door of the garden, which communicated with the shore of the islet, yielded to one 210 of the keys of which Roland had possessed himself, although not until he had tried several—a moment of anxious terror and expectation. The ladies were then partly led, partly carried, to the side of the lake, where a boat with six rowers attended them, the men couched 215 along the bottom to secure them from observation. Henry Seyton placed the queen in the stern; the abbot offered to assist Catherine, but she was seated by the queen's side before he could utter his proffer of help; and Roland Græme was just lifting Lady Fleming over 220 the boat-side when a thought suddenly occurred to him, and exclaiming, "Forgotten, forgotten! wait for me but one half-minute," he replaced on the shore the helpless lady of the bed-chamber, threw the queen's packet into the boat, and sped back through the garden with the 225 noiseless speed of a bird on the wing.

"Put off—put off!" cried Henry Seyton; "leave all behind, so the queen is safe."

"Will you permit this, madam?" said Catherine, imploringly; "you leave your deliverer to death." 230

"I will not," said the queen. "Seyton, I command you to stay at every risk."

"Pardon me, madam, if I disobey," said the intractable young man; and, with one hand lifting in Lady Fleming, he began himself to push off the boat. 235

She was two fathoms' length from the shore, and the

rowers were getting her head round, when Roland Græme, arriving, bounded from the beach and attained the boat.

“Why did ye not muffle the oars?” said Roland ²⁴⁰ Græme; “the dash must awaken the sentinel. Row, lads, and get out of reach of shot; for had not old Hildebrand, the warder, supped upon poppy-porridge, this whispering must have waked him.”

“It was all thine own delay,” said Seyton; “thou ²⁴⁵ shalt reckon with me hereafter for that and other matters.”

But Roland’s apprehension was verified too instantly to permit him to reply. The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash ²⁵⁰ of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard. “A boat—a boat! bring to, or I shoot!” And as they continued to ply their oars, he called aloud, “Treason! treason!” rung the bell of the castle, and discharged his harquebuss’ at the boat. The ladies crowded on ²⁵⁵ each other like startled wild-fowl at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake, at no great distance from their little bark; and from the lights, which gleamed ²⁶⁰ like meteors from window to window, it was evident the whole castle was alarmed and their escape discovered.

“Pull!” again exclaimed Seyton; “stretch to your oars, or I will spur you to the task with my dagger—they will launch a boat immediately.” ²⁶⁵

“That is cared for,” said Roland; “I locked gate and wicket on them when I went back, and no boat will stir from the island this night, if doors of good oak and

¹ A kind of musket.

bolts of iron can keep men within stone walls. And now I resign my office of porter of Lochleven, and give ²⁷⁰ the keys to Kelpie's¹ keeping."

As the heavy keys plunged in the lake, the abbot, who till then had been repeating his prayers, exclaimed, "Now, bless thee, my son! for thy ready prudence puts shame on us all." 275

"I knew," said Mary, drawing her breath more freely, as they were now out of reach of the musketry—"I knew my squire's truth, promptitude, and sagacity.—I must have him dear friends with my no less true knights, Douglas and Seyton—but where, then, is Doug- ²⁸⁰ las?"

"Here, madam," said the deep and melancholy voice of the boatman who sat next her, and who acted as steersman.

"Alas! was it you who stretched your body before ²⁸⁵ me," said the queen, "when the balls were raining around us?"

"Believe you," said he, in a low tone, "that Douglas would have resigned to any one the chance of protect- ²⁹⁰ ing his queen's life with his own?"

The dialogue was here interrupted by a shot or two from one of those small pieces of artillery called falconets, then used in defending castles. The shot was too vague to have any effect, but the broader flash, the deeper sound, the louder return which was made by the mid- ²⁹⁵ night echoes of Bennarty,² terrified and imposed silence on the liberated prisoners. The boat was alongside of a rude quay or landing-place, running out from a garden of considerable extent, ere any of them again attempted

¹ A water-spirit.

² Ben-när'-ty; a hill about a mile to the south of Lochleven.

to speak. They landed, and while the abbot returned ³⁰⁰ thanks aloud to Heaven, which had thus far favored their enterprise, Douglas enjoyed the best reward of his desperate undertaking, in conducting the queen to the house of the gardener.



PALACE OF LINLITHGOW—QUEEN MARY'S BIRTHPLACE.

QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN.

BY ROBERT ALLAN.

PUT off, put off, and row with speed,
For now's the time, and the hour of need !
To oars, to oars, and trim the bark,
Nor Scotland's queen be a warder's mark !
Yon light that plays round the castle moat 5
Is only the warder's random shot ;
Put off, put off, and row with speed,
For now is the time, and the hour of need !

These ponderous keys shall the Kelpies keep,
And lodge in their caverns dark and deep ; 10
Nor shall Lochleven's towers or hall
Hold thee, our lovely lady, in thrall,
Or be the haunt of traitors sold,
While Scotland has hands and hearts so bold !
Then, steersman, steersman, on with speed, 15
For now is the time, and the hour of need !

Hark ! the alarum-bell hath rung,
And the warder's voice hath treason sung ;
The echoes to the falconet's roar
Chime softly to the dashing oar. 20
Let tower and hall and battlements gleam,
We steer by the light of the taper's beam ;
For Scotland and Mary, on with speed !
Now, now is the time, and the hour of need !



"By Inverlochy's shore."

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

BY WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

COME hither, Evan Cameron!

Come, stand beside my knee—

I hear the river roaring down

Towards the wintry sea.

There's shouting on the mountain-side,

5

There's war within the blast—

Old faces look upon me,

Old forms go trooping past.

I hear the pibroch¹ wailing

Amidst the din of fight,

10

And my dim spirit wakes again

Upon the verge of night.

¹ Bagpipe. See *Notes*.

'T was I that led the Highland host
 Through wild Lochaber's¹ snows,
 What time the plaided clans came down 15
 To battle with Montrose.
 I've told thee how the Southrons fell
 Beneath the broad claymore,²
 And how we smote the Campbell clan
 By Inverloch's³ shore. 20
 I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
 And tamed the Lindsays' pride,
 But never have I told thee yet
 How the great marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes,— 25
 O deed of deathless shame!
 I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
 With one of Assynt's⁴ name—
 Be it upon the mountain's side,
 Or yet within the glen, 30
 Stand he in martial gear alone,
 Or backed by armed men—
 Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
 Who wronged thy sire's renown!
 Remember of what blood thou art, 35
 And strike the caitiff down!

They brought him to the Watergate,
 Hard bound with hempen span,
 As though they held a lion there,
 And not a fenceless man. 40

¹ Loch-a'-ber's (*a* as in *ah*).

² A large two-handed sword.

³ In-ver-loch'-y's (*ch* like *k*).

⁴ As'-synt's.

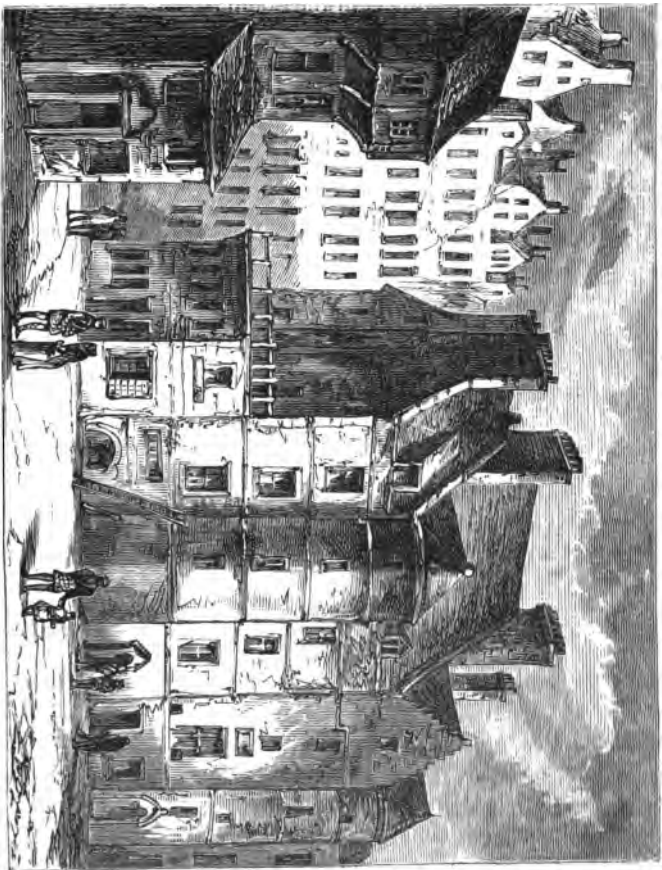
They set him high upon a cart—
 The hangman rode below—
 They drew his hands behind his back,
 And bared his noble brow.
 Then, as a hound is slipped¹ from leash,² 45
 They cheered the common throng,
 And blew the note with yell and shout,
 And bade him pass along.

It would have made a brave man's heart
 Grow sad and sick that day, 50
 To watch the keen malignant eyes
 Bent down on that array.
 There stood the Whig west-country lords
 In balcony and bow,³
 There sat their gaunt and withered dames, 55
 And their daughters all a-row;⁴
 And every open window
 Was full as full might be
 With black-robed Covenanting carles,⁵
 That goodly sport to see! 60

But when he came, though pale and wan,
 He looked so great and high,
 So noble was his manly front,
 So calm his steadfast eye,
 The rabble rout forbore to shout, 65
 And each man held his breath,
 For well they knew the hero's soul
 Was face to face with death.

¹ Let loose.² The thong by which the hound is held.³ Bow-window.⁴ In a row.⁵ Churls, rude fellows. See *Notes*.

And then a mournful shudder
 Through all the people crept, 70
 And some that came to scoff at him
 Now turned aside and wept.
 But onward, always onward,
 In silence and in gloom,
 The dreary pageant labored,
 Till it reached the house of doom. 75
 Then first a woman's voice was heard
 In jeer and laughter loud,
 And an angry cry and a hiss arose
 From the heart of the tossing crowd ; 80
 Then, as the Græme looked upwards,
 He saw the ugly smile
 Of him who sold his king for gold—
 The master-fiend Argyle!
 The marquis gazed a moment, 85
 And nothing did he say,
 But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,
 And he turned his eyes away.
 The painted harlot by his side,
 She shook through every limb, 90
 For a roar like thunder swept the street,
 And hands were clenched at him ;
 And a Saxon soldier cried aloud,
 “ Back, coward, from thy place !
 For seven long years thou hast not dared 95
 To look him in the face.”
 Had I been there with sword in hand,
 And fifty Camerons by,
 That day through high Dunedin's streets
 Had pealed the slogan-cry. 100



THE OLD TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH.

Not all their troops of trampling horse,
 Nor might of mailèd men—
 Not all the rebels in the south
 Had borne us backwards then!
 Once more his foot on Highland heath 105
 Had trod as free as air,
 Or I, and all who bore my name,
 Been laid around him there.

It might not be. They placed him next
 Within the solemn hall, 110
 Where once the Scottish kings were throned
 Amidst their nobles all.
 But there was dust of vulgar feet
 On that polluted floor,
 And perjured traitors filled the place 115
 Where good men sat before.
 With savage glee came Warristoun¹
 To read the murderous doom;
 And then uprose the great Montrose
 In the middle of the room. 120

“Now by my faith as belted knight,
 And by the name I bear,
 And by the bright Saint Andrew’s cross
 That waves above us there—
 Yea, by a greater, mightier oath— 125
 And O, that such should be!—
 By that dark stream of royal blood
 That lies ’twixt you and me—
 I have not sought in battle-field
 A wreath of such renown, 130

¹ War’-ris-toun (-tun).

Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

“There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me 135
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven. 140
Then nail my head on yonder tower,
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them :
I go from you to Him!”

The morning dawned full darkly, 145
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt¹
Lit up the gloomy town ;
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come ; 150
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat,
The 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor, 155
Came forth to see him die.

Ah, God! that ghastly gibbet!
How dismal 't is to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder and the tree! 160

¹ Lightning.

Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms—

The bells begin to toll—

“He is coming! he is coming!

God’s mercy on his soul!”

One last long peal of thunder—

165

The clouds are cleared away,

And the glorious sun once more looks down

Amidst the dazzling day.

“He is coming! he is coming!”

Like a bridegroom from his room,

170

Came the hero from his prison

To the scaffold and the doom.

There was glory on his forehead,

There was lustre in his eye,

And he never walked to battle

175

More proudly than to die ;

There was color in his visage,

Though the cheeks of all were wan,

And they marvelled as they saw him pass,

That great and goodly man!

180

He mounted up the scaffold,

And he turned him to the crowd ;

But they dared not trust the people,

So he might not speak aloud.

But he looked upon the heavens,

185

And they were clear and blue,

And in the liquid ether

The eye of God shone through!

Yet a black and murky battlement

Lay resting on the hill,

190

As though the thunder slept within—

All else was calm and still.

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock 195
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee,
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree. 200
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away ;
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.
A beam of light fell o'er him, 205
Like a glory round the shriven,¹
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll ; 210
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky— 215
The work of death was done !

¹ One who has made confession and received absolution.

AUTOGRAPH OF MONTROSE.

KILLIECRANKIE' AND THE DEATH OF DUNDEE.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DUNDEE resolved to preserve the castle of Blair, so important as a key to the Northern Highlands, and marched to protect it with a body of about two thousand Highlanders, with whom he occupied the upper and northern extremity of the pass between Dunkeld and Blair.

In this celebrated defile, called the Pass of Killiecrankie, the road runs for several miles along the banks of a furious river, called the Garry, which ranges below, amongst cataracts and waterfalls which the eye can scarcely discern, while a series of precipices and wooded mountains rise on the other hand; the road itself is the only mode of access through the glen, and along the valley which lies at its northern extremity. The path was then much more inaccessible than at the present day, as it ran close to the bed of the river and was now narrower and more rudely formed.

A defile of such difficulty was capable of being defended to the last extremity by a small number against a considerable army; and, considering how well adapted his followers were for such mountain warfare, many of the Highland chiefs were of opinion that Dundee ought to content himself with guarding the pass against Mac-

¹ Kill-te-crank'-ie (*ie* as *i*).

Kay's superior army, until a rendezvous, which they had appointed, should assemble a stronger force of their 25 countrymen. But Dundee was of a different opinion, and resolved to suffer MacKay to march through the pass without opposition, and then to fight him in the open valley, at the northern extremity. He chose this bold measure, both because it promised a decisive result 30 to the combat which his ardent temper desired, and also because he preferred fighting MacKay before that general was joined by a considerable body of English horse who were expected, and of whom the Highlanders had at that time some dread. 35

On the 17th June, 1689, General MacKay with his troops entered the pass, which, to their astonishment, they found unoccupied by the enemy. His forces were partly English and Dutch regiments, who, with many of the Lowland Scots themselves, were struck with awe, 40 and even fear, at finding themselves introduced by such a magnificent, and, at the same time, formidable avenue to the presence of their enemies, the inhabitants of these tremendous mountains, into whose recesses they were penetrating. But besides the effect produced on their 45 minds by the magnificence of natural scenery, to which they were wholly unaccustomed, the consideration must have hung heavy on them that, if a general of Dundee's talents suffered them to march unopposed through a pass so difficult, it must be because he was conscious 50 of possessing strength sufficient to attack and destroy them at the further extremity, when their only retreat would lie through the narrow and perilous path by which they were now advancing.

Midday was past ere MacKay's men were extricated 55 from the defile, when their general drew them up in one

line three deep, without any reserve, along the southern extremity of the narrow valley into which the pass opens. A hill on the north side of the valley, covered with dwarf trees and bushes, formed the position of 60 Dundee's army, which, divided into columns, formed by the different clans, was greatly outflanked by MacKay's troops.

The armies shouted when they came in sight of each other; but the enthusiasm of MacKay's soldiers being 65 damped by the circumstances we have observed, their military shout made but a dull and sullen sound compared to the yell of the Highlanders, which rang far and shrill from all the hills around them. Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel¹ called on those around him to attend 70 to this circumstance, saying that in all his battles he observed victory had ever been on the side of those whose shout before joining seemed most sprightly and confident. It was accounted a less favorable augury by some of the old Highlanders that Dundee at this 75 moment, to render his person less distinguishable, put on a sad-colored² buff-coat above the scarlet cassock³ and bright cuirass⁴ in which he had hitherto appeared.

It was some time ere Dundee had completed his preparations for the assault which he meditated, and 80 only a few dropping shots were exchanged, while, in order to prevent the risk of being outflanked, he increased the intervals between the columns with which he designed to charge, insomuch that he had scarce men enough left in the centre. About an hour before sun- 85 set, he sent word to MacKay that he was about to attack him, and gave the signal to charge.

¹ Pronounced Lō-keel'.

² A kind of frock-coat.

³ Dull or dark in color.

⁴ Breast-plate. See *Notes*.

The Highlanders stripped themselves to their shirts and doublets, threw away everything that could impede the fury of their onset, and then put themselves in motion, accompanying with a dreadful yell the discordant sound of their war-pipes. As they advanced, the clansmen fired their pieces, each column thus pouring in a well-aimed though irregular volley; then throwing down their fuseses,¹ without waiting to reload, they drew their swords, and, increasing their pace to the utmost speed, pierced through and broke the thin line which was opposed to them, and profited by their superior activity and the nature of their weapons to make a great havoc among the regular troops. When thus mingled with each other, hand to hand, the advantages of superior discipline on the part of the Lowland soldier were lost—agility and strength were on the side of the mountaineers. Some accounts of the battle give a terrific account of the blows struck by the Highlanders, which cleft heads down to the breast, cut steel headpieces asunder as night-caps, and slashed through pikes like willows. Two of MacKay's English regiments in the centre stood fast, the interval between the attacking columns being so great that none were placed opposite to them. The rest of King William's army were totally routed and driven headlong into the river.

Dundee himself, contrary to the advice of the Highland chiefs, was in front of the battle and fatally conspicuous. By a desperate attack he possessed himself of MacKay's artillery, and then led his handful of cavalry, about fifty men, against two troops of horse, which fled without fighting. Observing the stand made by the two English regiments already mentioned, he galloped

¹ Muskets.

towards the clan of MacDonald, and was in the act of ¹²⁰ bringing them to the charge, with his right arm elevated, as if pointing the way to victory, when he was struck by a bullet beneath the armpit, where he was unprotected by his cuirass. He tried to ride on, but, being unable to keep the saddle, fell mortally wounded and died in ¹²⁵ the course of the night.

*Your most humble
and faithful servant*

Dundie

AUTOGRAPH OF DUNDIE.

THE BURIAL-MARCH OF DUNDEE.

BY WILLIAM EDMUNDSTOUNE AYTOUN.

SOUND the fife, and cry the slogan¹—
Let the pibroch² shake the air
With its wild triumphal music,
Worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland 5
Hear once more the battle-song
Swell within their glens and valleys
As the clansmen march along!
Never from the field of combat,
Never from the deadly fray, 10
Was a nobler trophy carried
Than we bring with us to-day;
Never since the valiant Douglas³
On his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart—the priceless— 15
To our dear Redeemer's shore!
Lo! we bring with us the hero—
Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
Crowned as best beseems a victor
From the altar of his fame; 20
Fresh and bleeding from the battle
Whence his spirit took its flight,
Midst the crashing charge of squadrons
And the thunder of the fight!

¹ The Highland battle-cry.

² The bagpipe. See *Notes*.

³ See page 38.

⁴ Pronounced Græme.

Strike, I say, the notes of triumph, 25
As we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture
To bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors
Weep until their eyes are dim! 30
Wail ye may full well for Scotland—
Let none dare to mourn for him!
See! above his glorious body
Lies the royal banner's fold—
See! his valiant blood is mingled 35
With its crimson and its gold—
See how calm he looks, and stately,
Like a warrior on his shield,
Waiting till the flush of morning
Breaks along the battle-field! 40
See—O, never more, my comrades,
Shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning,
As the hour of fight drew nigh!
Never shall we hear the voice that, 45
Clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for king and country,
Bade us win the field or fall!
On the heights of Killiecrankie
Yester-morn our army lay; 50
Slowly rose the mist in columns
From the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent,
And the pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together 55
From their lair amidst the broom.

Then we belted on our tartans,
 And our bonnets down we drew,
 And we felt our broadswords' edges,
 And we proved them to be true ; 60
 And we prayed the prayer of soldiers,
 And we cried the gathering-cry,
 And we clasped the hands of kinsmen,
 And we swore to do or die !
 Then our leader rode before us 65
 On his war-horse black as night—
 Well the Cameronian rebels
 Knew that charger in the fight !—
 And a cry of exultation
 From the bearded warriors rose ; 70
 For we loved the house of Claver'se,¹
 And we thought of good Montrose.²
 But he raised his hand for silence—
 "Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
 Ere the evening star shall glisten 75
 On Schehallion's³ lofty brow,
 Either we shall rest in triumph,
 Or another of the Græmes
 Shall have died in battle-harness
 For his country and King James! 80
 Think upon the Royal Martyr—
 Think of what his race endure ;
 Think on him whom butchers murdered
 On the field of Magus Muir:⁴—
 By his sacred blood I charge ye, 85
 By the ruined hearth and shrine—

¹ Clav'erse ; a contraction of *Claverhouse*. ² See page 121.

³ Shē-hāl'-yun ; a mountain in Perthshire.

⁴ Magus Moor, near St. Andrews, Fifeshire. See *Notes*.

By the blighted hopes of Scotland,
 By your injuries and mine—
 Strike this day as if the anvil
 Lay beneath your blows the while, 90
 Be they Covenanting traitors
 Or the brood of false Argyle!
 Strike! and drive the trembling rebels
 Backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
 Let them tell their pale Convention 95
 How they fared within the North.
 Let them tell that Highland honor
 Is not to be bought nor sold,
 That we scorn their prince's anger
 As we loathe his foreign gold. 100
 Strike! and when the fight is over,
 If you look in vain for me,
 Where the dead are lying thickest
 Search for him that was Dundee!"
 Loudly then the hills re-echoed 105
 With our answer to his call,
 But a deeper echo sounded
 In the bosoms of us all.
 For the lands of wide Breadalbane,¹
 Not a man who heard him speak 110
 Would that day have left the battle.
 Burning eye and flushing cheek
 Told the clansmen's fierce emotion,
 And they harder drew their breath;
 For their souls were strong within them, 115
 Stronger than the grasp of death.
 Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet
 Sounding in the pass below,

¹ Brëd-al'-bāne.

And the distant tramp of horses,
 And the voices of the foe ; 120
 Down we crouched amid the bracken
 Till the Lowland ranks drew near,
 Panting like the hounds in summer
 When they scent the stately deer.
 From the dark defile emerging, 125
 Next we saw the squadrons come,
 Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers
 Marching to the tuck¹ of drum ;
 Through the scattered wood of birches,
 O'er the broken ground and heath, 130
 Wound the long battalion slowly
 Till they gained the field beneath ;
 Then we bounded from our covert,—
 Judge how looked the Saxons then,
 When they saw the rugged mountain 135
 Start to life with armèd men !
 Like a tempest down the ridges
 Swept the hurricane of steel,
 Rose the slogan of Macdonald,
 Flashed the broadsword of Locheill!² 140
 Vainly sped the withering volley
 'Mongst the foremost of our band—
 On we poured until we met them,
 Foot to foot and hand to hand.
 Horse and man went down like driftwood 145
 When the floods are black at Yule,³
 And their carcasses are whirling
 In the Garry's deepest pool.
 Horse and man went down before us—
 Living foe there tarried none 150

¹ Beat.² Lō-keel'.³ Christmas.

On the field of Killiecrankie
 When that stubborn fight was done !
 And the evening star was shining
 On Schehallion's distant head
 When we wiped our bloody broadswords 155
 And returned to count the dead.
 There we found him gashed and gory,
 Stretched upon the cumbered plain,
 As he told us where to seek him,
 In the thickest of the slain. 160
 And a smile was on his visage,
 For within his dying ear
 Pealed the joyful note of triumph
 And the clansmen's clamorous cheer ;
 So, amidst the battle's thunder, 165
 Shot, and steel, and scorching flame,
 In the glory of his manhood
 Passed the spirit of the Græme !

Open wide the vaults of Athol,¹
 Where the bones of heroes rest— 170
 Open wide the hallowed portals
 To receive another guest !
 Last of Scots, and last of freemen—
 Last of all that dauntless race
 Who would rather die unsullied 175
 Than outlive the land's disgrace !
 O thou lion-hearted warrior,
 Reck not of the after-time !
 Honor may be deemed dishonor,
 Loyalty be called a crime. 180
 Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
 Of the noble and the true,

¹ A'-thol (*a* as in *ah*).

Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that never baseness knew.
Sleep!—and till the latest trumpet
Wakes the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver
Chieftain than our own Dundee!

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ARCHBISHOP SHARPE.



ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

ROB ROY.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR CAMPBELL, which last name he bore in consequence of the acts of Parliament abolishing his own, was the younger son of Donald MacGregor of Glengyle,¹ said to have been a lieutenant-colonel (probably in the service of James II.), by his wife, a daughter of Campbell of Glenfalloch.² Rob's own designation was of Inversnaid;³ but he appears to have acquired a right of some kind or other to the property or possession of Craig-Royston, a domain of rock and forest lying on the east side of Loch Lomond, where is

¹ Glen-gyle'.

² Glen-fal'-loch.

³ In'-ver-snaid.

that beautiful lake stretches into the dusky mountains of Glenfalloch.

The time of his birth is uncertain. But he is said to have been active in the scenes of war and plunder which succeeded the Revolution; and tradition affirms¹⁵ him to have been the leader in a predatory¹ incursion into the parish of Kippen, in the Lennox, which took place in the year 1691. It was of almost a bloodless character, only one person losing his life; but from the extent of the depredation it was long distin-²⁰guished by the name of the Her'-ship, or devastation, of Kippen. The time of his death is also uncertain, but as he is said to have survived the year 1733, and died an aged man, it is probable he may have been twenty-five about the time of the Her'-ship of Kippen,²⁵ which would assign his birth to the middle of the 17th century.

In the more quiet times which succeeded the Revolution, Rob Roy, or Red Robert, seems to have exerted his active talents, which were of no mean order, as a³⁰ drover, or trader in cattle, to a great extent. It may well be supposed that in those days no Lowland, much less English drovers, ventured to enter the Highlands. The cattle, which were the staple commodity of the mountains, were escorted down to fairs, on the borders³⁵ of the Lowlands, by a party of Highlanders, with their arms rattling around them; and who dealt, however, in all honor and good faith with their Southern customers. A fray, indeed, would sometimes arise, when the Lowlandmen, chiefly Borderers, who had to supply the Eng-⁴⁰lish market, used to dip their bonnets in the next brook and, wrapping them round their hands, oppose their

¹ Plundering.

cudgels to the naked broadswords, which had not always the superiority.

His importance was increased by the death of his⁴⁵ father, in consequence of which he succeeded to the management of his nephew Gregor MacGregor of Glengyle's property, and, as his tutor, to such influence with the clan and following as was due to the representative of Dougal Ciar. Such influence was the more⁵⁰ uncontrolled, that this family of the MacGregors seem to have refused adherence to MacGregor of Glencarnock,¹ the ancestor of the present Sir Ewan MacGregor, and asserted a kind of independence.

It was at this time that Rob Roy acquired an interest⁵⁵ by purchase, wadset,² or otherwise, to the property of Craig-Royston, already mentioned. He was in particular favor during this prosperous period of his life with his nearest and most powerful neighbor, James, first Duke of Montrose, from whom he received many marks⁶⁰ of regard. His grace consented to give his nephew and himself a right of property on the estates of Glengyle and Inversnaid, which they had till then only held as kindly tenants.³ The duke, also, with a view to the interest of the country and his own estate, supported our⁶⁵ adventurer by loans of money to a considerable amount, to enable him to carry on his speculations in the cattle trade.

Unfortunately, that species of commerce was and is liable to sudden fluctuations; and Rob Roy was—by a⁷⁰ sudden depression of markets, and, as a friendly tradition adds, by the bad faith of a partner named MacDonald, whom he had imprudently received into his

¹ Glen-car'-nock.

² A kind of mortgage.

³ Tenants whose ancestors have been long residents on the lands.

confidence and intrusted with a considerable sum of money—rendered totally insolvent. He absconded, of course—not empty-handed, if it be true, as stated in an advertisement for his apprehension, that he had in his possession sums to the amount of £1000 sterling, obtained from several noblemen and gentlemen under pretence of purchasing cows for them in the Highlands. This advertisement appeared in June, 1712, and was several times repeated. It fixes the period when Rob Roy exchanged his commercial adventures for speculations of a very different complexion.

He appears at this period first to have removed from his ordinary dwelling at Inversnaid, ten or twelve Scots miles (which is double the number of English) farther into the Highlands, and commenced the lawless sort of life which he afterwards followed. The Duke of Montrose, who conceived himself deceived and cheated by MacGregor's conduct, employed legal means to recover the money lent to him. Rob Roy's landed property was attached by the regular form of legal procedure, and his stock and furniture made the subject of arrest and sale.

It is said that this diligence of the law, as it is called in Scotland, which the English more bluntly term distress, was used in this case with uncommon severity, and that the legal satellites,¹ not usually the gentlest persons in the world, had insulted MacGregor's wife in a manner which would have aroused a milder man than he to thoughts of unbounded vengeance. She was a woman of fierce and haughty temper, and is not unlikely to have disturbed the officers in the execution of their duty and thus to have incurred ill-treatment, though, for the sake of humanity, it is to be hoped that the story

¹ Attendants, subordinate officers.

sometimes told is a popular exaggeration. It is certain that she felt extreme anguish at being expelled from the banks of Loch Lomond, and gave vent to her feelings in a fine piece of pipe-music, still well known to amateurs by the name of "Rob Roy's Lament." 110

The fugitive is thought to have found his first place of refuge in Glen Dochart,¹ under the Earl of Breadalbane's² protection; for though that family had been active agents in the destruction of the MacGregors in former times, they had of late years sheltered a great 115 many of the name in their old possessions. The Duke of Argyle was also one of Rob Roy's protectors, so far as to afford him, according to the Highland phrase, wood and water—the shelter, namely, that is afforded by the forests and lakes of an inaccessible country. 120

The great men of the Highlands in that time, besides being anxiously ambitious to keep up what was called their following, or military retainers, were also desirous to have at their disposal men of resolute character, to whom the world and the world's law were no friends, 125 and who might at times ravage the lands or destroy the tenants of a feudal enemy without bringing responsibility on their patrons. The strife between the names of Campbell and Graham, during the civil wars of the 17th century, had been stamped with mutual loss and inveterate 130 enmity. The death of the great Marquis of Montrose on the one side, the defeat at Inverlochy and cruel plundering of Lorn on the other, were reciprocal injuries not likely to be forgotten. Rob Roy was, therefore, sure of refuge in the country of the Campbells, both as 135 having assumed their name, as connected by his mother with the family of Glenfalloch, and as an enemy to the

¹ Döch'-art (*ch* like *k*).

² See page 138.

rival house of Montrose. The extent of Argyle's possessions, and the power of retreating thither in any emergency, gave great encouragement to the bold schemes ¹⁴⁰ of revenge which he had adopted.

This was nothing short of the maintenance of a predatory war against the Duke of Montrose, whom he considered as the author of his exclusion from civil society and of the outlawry to which he had been sentenced by ¹⁴⁵ letters of horning and caption (legal writs so called), as well as the seizure of his goods and adjudication¹ of his landed property. Against his grace, therefore, his tenants, friends, allies, and relatives, he disposed himself to employ every means of annoyance in his power. ¹⁵⁰

The opinions and habits of the nearest neighbors to the Highland line were also highly favorable to Rob Roy's purpose. A large proportion of them were of his own clan of MacGregor, who claimed the property of Balquhidder,² and other Highland districts, as having ¹⁵⁵ been part of the ancient possessions of their tribe; though the harsh laws, under the severity of which they had suffered so deeply, had assigned the ownership to other families. The civil wars of the 17th century had accustomed these men to the use of arms, and they ¹⁶⁰ were peculiarly brave and fierce from remembrance of their sufferings. The vicinity of a comparatively rich Lowland district gave also great temptations to incursion. Many belonging to other clans, habituated to contempt of industry and to the use of arms, drew tow- ¹⁶⁵ ards an unprotected frontier which promised facility of plunder; and the state of the country, now so peaceable and quiet, verified at that time the opinion which Dr. Johnson heard with doubt and suspicion, that the

¹ Attaching by legal process.

² Pronounced Bal-*quid'*-der.

most disorderly and lawless districts of the Highlands ¹⁷⁰ were those which lay nearest to the Lowland line. There was, therefore, no difficulty in Rob Roy, descended of a tribe which was widely dispersed in the country we have described, collecting any number of followers whom he might be able to keep in action and to main- ¹⁷⁵tain by his proposed operations.

He himself appears to have been singularly adapted for the profession which he proposed to exercise. His stature was not of the tallest, but his person was uncommonly strong and compact. The greatest peculiar- ¹⁸⁰ities of his frame were the breadth of his shoulders and the great and almost disproportioned length of his arms ; so remarkable, indeed, that it was said he could, without stooping, tie the garters of his Highland hose, which are placed two inches below the knee. His countenance ¹⁸⁵was open, manly, stern at periods of danger, but frank and cheerful in his hours of festivity. His hair was dark red, thick and frizzled, and curled short around the face. His fashion of dress showed, of course, the knees and upper part of the leg, which was described ¹⁹⁰to me as resembling that of a Highland bull, hirsute ¹ with red hair, and evincing muscular strength similar to that animal. To these personal qualifications must be added a masterly use of the Highland sword, in which his length of arm gave him great advantage—and ¹⁹⁵a perfect and intimate knowledge of all the recesses of the wild country in which he harbored, and the character of the various individuals, whether friendly or hostile, with whom he might come in contact.

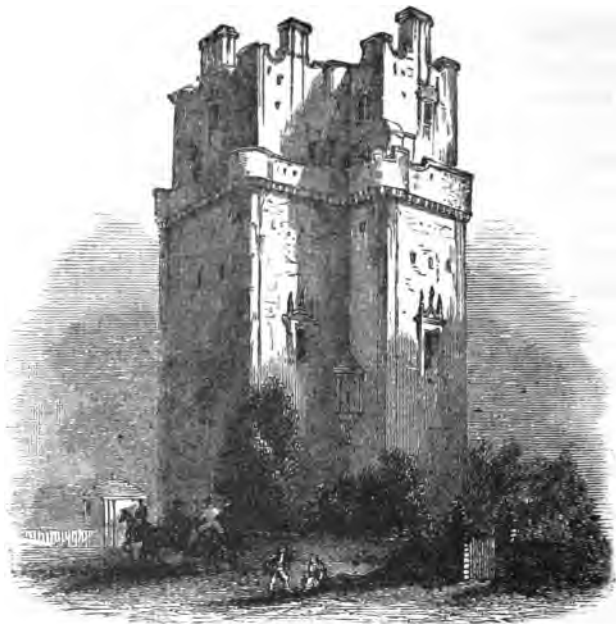
His mental qualities seemed to have been no less ²⁰⁰adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed.

¹ Hairy, shaggy.

Rob Roy avoided every appearance of cruelty, and it is not averred that he was ever the means of unnecessary bloodshed or the actor in any deed which could lead the way to it. His schemes of plunder were contrived²⁰⁵ and executed with equal boldness and sagacity, and were almost universally successful, from the skill with which they were laid and the secrecy and rapidity with which they were executed. Like Robin Hood of England, he was a kind and gentle robber and, while he²¹⁰ took from the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor. This might in part be policy, but the universal tradition of the country speaks it to have arisen from a better motive. All whom I have conversed with, and I have in my youth seen some who knew Rob Roy per-²¹⁵sonally, gave him the character of a benevolent and humane man "in his way." His ideas of morality were those of an Arab chief, being such as naturally arose out of his wild education.



ROB ROY'S SPORAN, ABBOTSFORD.



PRESTON TOWER, NEAR THE BATTLE-FIELD.

BATTLE OF PRESTON PANS.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ALTHOUGH the Highlanders marched on very fast, the sun was declining when they arrived upon the brow of those high grounds which command an open and extensive plain stretching northward to the sea, on which are situated, but at a considerable distance from each 5 other, the small villages of Seaton¹ and Cockenzie² and the larger one of Preston. One of the low coast-roads to Edinburgh passed through this plain, issuing upon it

¹ Sea'-ton.

² Cock-en'-zie.

from the enclosures of Seaton House, and at the town or village of Preston again entering the defiles of an enclosed country. By this way the English general had chosen to approach the metropolis, both as most commodious for his cavalry, and being probably of opinion that by doing so he would meet in front with the Highlanders advancing from Edinburgh in the opposite direction. In this he was mistaken; for the sound judgment of the Chevalier,¹ or of those to whose advice he listened, left the direct passage free, but occupied the strong ground by which it was overlooked and commanded.

When the Highlanders reached the heights above the plain described they were immediately formed in array of battle along the brow of the hill. Almost at the same instant the van of the English appeared issuing from among the trees and enclosures of Seaton, with the purpose of occupying the level plain between the high ground and the sea, the space which divided the armies being only about half a mile in breadth.

The roll of the drum and shrill accompaniment of the fifes swelled up the hill—died away—resumed its thunder—and was at length hushed. The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild point of war appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty, and then finally sunk upon the wind with a shrill and mournful cadence.

The friends, who had now reached their post, stood and looked round them ere they lay down to rest. The western sky twinkled with stars, but a frost-mist, rising from the ocean, covered the eastern horizon and rolled in white wreaths along the plain where the adverse

¹ See *Notes*.

army lay couched upon their arms. Their advanced posts were pushed as far as the side of the great ditch at the bottom of the descent, and had kindled large fires, at different intervals gleaming with obscure and hazy lustre through the heavy fog which encircled them ⁴⁵ with a doubtful halo.

The Highlanders, "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa,"¹ lay stretched upon the ridge of the hill, buried (excepting their sentinels) in the most profound repose. "How many of these brave fellows will sleep more soundly before to-morrow night, Fergus!" said Waverley, with an involuntary sigh.

"You must not think of that," answered Fergus, whose ideas were entirely military. "You must only think of your sword, and by whom it was given. All other re-⁵⁵ flexions are now too late."

With the opiate² contained in this undeniable remark, Edward endeavored to lull the tumult of his conflicting feelings. The chieftain and he, combining their plaids, made a comfortable and warm couch. Callum,³ sitting ⁶⁰ down at their head (for it was his duty to watch upon the immediate person of the chief), began a long, mournful song in Gaelic to a low and uniform tune, which, like the sound of the wind at a distance, soon lulled them to sleep.

When Fergus Mac-Ivor⁴ and his friend had slept for a few hours, they were awakened and summoned to attend the prince. The distant village clock was heard to toll three as they hastened to the place where he lay. He was already surrounded by his principal offi-⁷⁰ cers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of pease-straw,

¹ Vall-ðm-brö'-sa.

² See *Notes*.

³ Cal'-lum.

⁴ Mac-I'-vor.

which had been lately his couch, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the circle, the consultation had broken up. "Courage, my brave friends!" said the Chevalier, "and each one put himself instantly at the head of his command; a faithful friend has offered to guide us by a practicable, though narrow and circuitous, route, which, sweeping to our right, traverses the broken ground and morass, and enables us to gain the firm and open plain upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty surmounted, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest."

The proposal spread unanimous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right from off the ground on which they had rested, soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The mist had not risen to the higher grounds, so that for some time they had the advantage of starlight. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and the head of the marching column, continuing its descent, plunged as it were into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its white waves over the whole plain and over the sea by which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, inseparable from darkness, a narrow, broken, and marshy path, and the necessity of preserving union in the march. These, however, were less inconvenient to Highlanders, from their habits of life, than they would have been to any other troops, and they continued a steady and swift movement.

As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground, following the track of those who preceded them, the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though

they could not see the dragoon by whom it was made—¹⁰⁵
“Who goes there?”

“Hush,” cried Fergus, “hush! Let none answer, as he values his life—Press forward;” and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The Highland army, which now occupied the eastern ¹¹⁰
end of the wide plain, or stubble field, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the morass towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. The few horse,¹ whom the prince headed in person, remained between the two lines. ¹¹⁵
The adventurer had intimated a resolution to charge in person at the head of his first line; but his purpose was deprecated by all around him, and he was with difficulty induced to abandon it.

Both lines were now moving forward, the first prepared ¹²⁰
for instant combat. The clans, of which it was composed, formed each a sort of separate phalanx,² narrow in front, and in depth ten, twelve, or fifteen files, according to the strength of the following. The best armed and best born, for the words were synonymous, ¹²⁵
were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure added both physical impulse and additional ardor and confidence to those who were first to encounter the danger. ¹³⁰

“Down with your plaid, Waverley,” cried Fergus, throwing off his own; “we’ll win silks for our tartans before the sun is above the sea.”

The clansmen on every side stripped their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of ¹³⁵
about three minutes, during which the men, pulling off

¹ Horsemen, cavalry.

² Body of troops.

their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven and uttered a short prayer, then pulled their bonnets over their brows and began to move forward at first slowly. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as it would ¹⁴⁰ have burst from his bosom. The pipes played, and the clans rushed forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they mended their pace, and the muttering sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry. ¹⁴⁵

At this moment the sun, which was now risen above the horizon, dispelled the mist. The vapors rose like a curtain and showed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly fronting the attack of the Highlanders; it glittered with ¹⁵⁰ the appointments of a complete army and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the sight impressed no terror on the assailants.

"Forward, sons of Ivor," cried their chief, "or the Camerons will draw the first blood!"—They rushed on ¹⁵⁵ with a tremendous yell.

The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the flank, received an irregular fire from their fuses as they ran on, and, seized with a disgraceful panic, wavered, ¹⁶⁰ halted, disbanded, and galloped from the field. The artillerymen, deserted by the cavalry, fled after discharging their pieces, and the Highlanders, who dropped their guns when fired and drew their broadswords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry. ¹⁶⁵

It was at this moment of confusion and terror that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high rank, standing alone and unsupported by a field-piece, which, after the flight of the men by whom it was

wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against ¹⁷⁰ the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of Highlanders within his aim. Struck with his tall, martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley outstripped for an instant even the speediest of the warriors, and, reaching the spot first, called to him to ¹⁷⁵ surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received on his target, and in turning it aside the Englishman's weapon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waverley ¹⁸⁰ intercepted and prevented the blow, and the officer, perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward's generous anxiety for his safety, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waverley to Dugald, with strict charge to use him well and not ¹⁸⁵ to pillage his person, promising him, at the same time, full indemnification for the spoil.

On Edward's right the battle for a few minutes raged fierce and thick. The English infantry, trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage. ¹⁹⁰ But their extended files were pierced and broken in many places by the close masses of the clans; and, in the personal struggle which ensued, the nature of the Highlanders' weapons and their extraordinary fierceness and activity gave them a decided superiority over ¹⁹⁵ those who had been accustomed to trust much to their array and discipline, and felt that the one was broken and the other useless. Waverley, as he cast his eyes towards this scene of smoke and slaughter, observed Colonel Gardiner, deserted by his own soldiers in spite ²⁰⁰ of all his attempts to rally them, yet spurring his horse through the field to take the command of a small body

of infantry who, with their backs arranged against the wall of his own park (for his house was close by the field of battle), continued a desperate and unavailing²⁰⁵ resistance. Waverley could perceive that he had already received many wounds, his clothes and saddle being marked with blood. To save this good and brave man became the instant object of his most anxious exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Ed-²¹⁰ward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive while on the ground more wounds than would have let²¹⁵ out twenty lives. When Waverley came up, however, perception had not entirely fled. The dying warrior seemed to recognize Edward, for he fixed his eye upon him with an upbraiding yet sorrowful look, and appeared to struggle for utterance. But he felt that death was²²⁰ dealing closely with him, and, resigning his purpose and folding his hands as if in devotion, he gave up his soul to his Creator. The look with which he regarded Waverley in his dying moments did not strike him so deeply at that crisis of hurry and confusion as when²²⁵ it recurred to his imagination at the distance of some time.

Loud shouts of triumph now echoed over the whole field. The battle was fought and won, and the whole baggage, artillery, and military stores of the regular army²³⁰ remained in possession of the victors. Never was a victory more complete. Scarce any escaped from the battle, excepting the cavalry, who had left it at the very onset, and even these were broken into different parties and scattered all over the country.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden¹ are scattered in fight. 5
They rally, they bleed for their country and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland² prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far? 10
'T is thine, O Glenullin,³ whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate!
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there,
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin,⁴ to death and captivity led! 15
O, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear, 20
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

¹ Cul-ló'-den. ² The Duke of Cumberland. See *Notes*.

³ Glen-ül'-lin.

⁴ Scotland. See *Notes*.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth 25
 From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North?
 Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high—
 Ah! home let him speed, for the spoiler is nigh. 30
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons' the darkness of heaven.
 O crested Lochiel, the peerless in might, 35
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn!
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely, return!
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood. 40

LOCHIEL.

False wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
 And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock! 45
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
 But woe to his kindred and woe to his cause
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws,
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clanranald² the dauntless and Moray the proud, 50
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

¹ Lights up.² Clan-ran'-ald.

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
 'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore, 55
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold where he flies on his desolate path! 60
 Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight—
 Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
 'T is finished! Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner?—where? 65
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
 Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier; 70
 His death-bell is tolling: O Mercy, dispel
 Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims!
 Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet, 75
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat. 80

Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their
gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe ;
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of Fame.

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**PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S BONNET.**

ABBREVIATIONS, except a few of the most familiar, have been avoided in the Notes, as in other parts of the book. The references to act, scene, and line in the quotations from Shakespeare are added for the convenience of the teacher or parent, who may sometimes wish to refer to the context, and possibly to make use of it in talking with the young people. The line-numbers are those of the "Globe" edition, which vary from those of my edition only in scenes that are wholly or partly in *prose*.

W. J. R.



BORDER CASTLE.

NOTES.

SIR PATRICK SPENS.

THIS poem is one of the ballads in Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*—that is, the border-land between Scotland and England. A *ballad*, in the sense in which the word is here used, is “a versified narrative, in a simple, popular, and often rude style, of some valorous exploit or some tragic and touching story.” The old ballads were intended to be sung, or recited in a musical way, with the accompaniment of a harp or some similar instrument. They were often composed by the singers, or *minstrels*, who led a wandering life, like the street musicians in our day. Originally these roving poets were welcomed to the mansions of the great no less than

to the cottages of the common people; but they gradually sank in social position until in the 15th century they were regarded much as the wandering organ-grinder is now. In England in 1597 they were classed by a statute with "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars."

In the introduction to Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the scene of which is laid in the latter part of the 17th century, the decline in the fortunes of the minstrels is pathetically described:

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
 The Minstrel was infirm and old;
 His withered cheek and tresses gray
 Seemed to have known a better day;
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy.
 The last of all the bards was he,
 Who sung of Border chivalry;
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
 His tuneful brethren all were dead;
 And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them and at rest.
 No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
 He carolled, light as lark at morn;
 No longer courted and caressed,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He poured, to lord and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay:
 Old times were changed, old manners gone,
 A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door,
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear."

The old English and Scottish ballads were not put into written form until long after they were composed; and copies taken from the lips of different persons often vary much. There are many versions of this "grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens," as the poet Coleridge called it. Some of the variations are given in the notes below.

Critics do not agree as to the event upon which this ballad is founded; but it was probably the expedition sent in 1281 to carry Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. of Scotland, to Norway as the bride of King Eric of that country. As an old historian relates, she, "leaving Scotland, on the last day of July, was conveyed thither, in noble style, in company with many knights and nobles. In returning home, after the celebration of her nuptials, the Abbot of Bal-

merinoch, Bernard of Monte-Alto, and many other persons were drowned."

The poem is composed in what is called "ballad measure," because it is the most common metrical form for these old popular songs. The stanza is made up of alternate lines of eight and six syllables each, with the accents on the even syllables; but, as will be seen, there are frequent variations both in the number of syllables and in the place of the accent.

Verse with the accent on the even syllables is called *iambic*, being regarded as made up of *iambuses* (or *iambi*, if we use the Latin plural); an *iambus* being a combination of two syllables, with the accent on the second.

Page 1, line 1.—*Dunfermline.* An ancient town in the county of Fife, sixteen miles northwest of Edinburgh. It was a place of note as early as the 11th century, and was long one of the royal residences. Several Scottish kings were born here, and many were buried in the abbey founded by King Malcolm Canmore and his queen, St. Margaret, between 1070 and 1093. Among the royal tombs was that of Robert the Bruce.

Line 2.—*Blude-red.* The form is Scottish, like that of many other words in the ballad; but Scott, whose version we follow, is not uniform in the use of these words in place of the English forms. For instance, in line 5 he has *braid*, as in line 77 of *The Battle of Otterbourne* (page 60), but *broad* in line 85 of the same poem.

Line 3.—*O, where will I get a skeely skipper,* etc. Note the frequent use of *O* in beginning sentences in this ballad, and compare *The Battle of Otterbourne*. *Skeely* is also spelled *skilly*, and is derived from *skeel* (*skill*). *Skipper* is to be accented on the second syllable, like *sailor* in line 7, *letter* in line 9, etc. Compare Longfellow's ballad of *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, written in imitation of this old style: "And the skipper had taken his little daughter," "Then up and spake an old sailòr," etc. (the accent marks being the poet's own).

Line 4.—*This new ship.* Some versions have "This gude ship."

Line 5.—*Up and spake.* A common expression in the old ballads, as in modern imitations, like Longfellow's.

Line 6.—*Sat at the king's right knee.* That is, *who sat*. This omission of the relative pronoun was common down to Shakespeare's time. There is another instance of it in line 12.

Line 13.—*To Noroway, to Noroway,* etc. Repetitions of this and other forms are frequent in the ballads. What purpose do they serve in poems addressed to the ear rather than the eye, recited or sung instead of being read?

Line 16.—*Bring her hame.* We should now say "take her home." Compare Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, i. 3. 1: "Brought you Cæsar home?" which is not spoken in Cæsar's house, as we should naturally understand it to be if we did not know the context. See also *Genesis*, xviii. 16.

Page 2, line 18.—*Loud loud.* For the repetition, compare lines 81, 93, and 97.

Line 25.—*Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet.* Note the rhyme of *weet* and *sleet*, or "middle rhyme," as it is called. Compare *The Battle of Otterbourne*, lines 97, 109, 113, and 122 (pages 60, 61).

Line 28.—*Must.* Other versions have "maun," as in line 16. Compare note on line 2.

Line 29.—*Hoysed.* This is from the old verb *hoyse* or *hoise*, which Shakespeare uses several times; as in *Richard III.* iv. 4. 529: "Hoised sail and made away for Brittany."

Line 32.—*Wodensday.* The word originally meant the day of *Woden*, or *Odin*, the chief god of the Northern mythology.

Lines 33, 34.—*They hadna been a week, a week,* etc. For the peculiar form of expression, compare lines 53, 54, and 69, 70.

Lines 39, 40.—*Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,* etc. The rhyme suggests that *lie* is to be pronounced like *le* (*lē*), a Scottish form of the word. Compare *The Battle of Otterbourne*, lines 69, 70 (page 59).

Note the "dramatic form" here and in the following stanzas, that is, giving what is said without stating who says it. This is another characteristic of the old ballads. Who is the speaker here? Who in lines 47-52?

Page 3, line 41.—*White monie.* That is, silver money. In some versions this line is "For I brought as mickle white monie;" and line 43 is "And a half-fou o' the gude red gowd."

Lines 51, 52.—*And if we gang to sea, master,* etc. Another version has:

"And I fear, I fear, my master dear,
That we sall come to harm."

Line 57.—*The ankers brak.* Another reading is "The ropes they brak."

Lines 61-64.—*O, where will I get a gude sailor,* etc. Who says this? Who speaks in the next stanza? Note the kind of repetition in these stanzas. Compare lines 73-80.

Line 79.—*Wapped them round.* Another version has "wapped them into."

Line 83.—*But lang or a' the play was played.* Another reading is, "But lang ere a' the play was o'er."

Lines 85-88.—*And mony was the feather-bed*, etc. Instead of this stanza the following is found in some copies :

“ O, laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
 To weet their milk-white hands,
 But lang ere a' the play was played
 They wat their gouden bands.”

Line 89.—*Wrang*. An old form of the past tense of *wring*.

Page 5, line 101.—*O, forty miles off Aberdeen*. Another reading is “Half owre, half owre to Aberdour.” This seems preferable, as Aberdour is on the Firth of Forth, a few miles from Dunfermline, while Aberdeen is more than a hundred miles to the north.

ROBERT THE BRUCE.

WALTER SCOTT was born at Edinburgh, August 15, 1771. He was educated in the high school and university there, but did not distinguish himself as a student. He studied law, but soon gave up the practice of it for literature. He first gained reputation by his poems, but later began to write novels, which were published for some time anonymously. In 1825 he became involved in the failure of a publishing house in which he was a partner. His share of the debts was about £140,000 (\$700,000), which he determined to pay with his pen. He accomplished the task, but at the expense of his health. He had a stroke of paralysis from which he never entirely recovered. After a journey to Italy, from which he derived no benefit, he returned to his home at Abbotsford, where he died on the 21st of September, 1832.*

Robert Bruce, or the Bruce, was born March 21, 1274. He was the eldest son of Robert de Bruce, Earl of Carrick, who became a rival of John Baliol for the throne of Scotland. In his youth he swore fealty to Edward I. of England, but afterwards joined the Scottish leaders in arms for the independence of their country. After their defeat he made his peace with Edward, and continued faithful to him up to the time when the present narrative begins.†

John Comyn, or Cuming, was the son of a sister of John Baliol, and was called the Red Comyn to distinguish him from his kinsman,

* For a much fuller account of Scott's life, see *Tales of Chivalry*, pages 10-19.

† Lochmaben Castle (see cut on page 6), where Bruce is said to have been born, is in the southern part of Scotland, about ten miles northwest of Dumfries. It was for some time the residence of Darnley and Queen Mary. Nothing is left of it now but shapeless masses of stone.

the Black Comyn, who was so named from his swarthy complexion.

Page 7, line 27.—*I doubt.* For this use of *doubt*, compare *Hamlet*, i. 2. 256: "I doubt some false play."

Line 33.—*With a vengeance.* This expression may be allowed in conversation or in free-and-easy writing, but is now seldom found in dignified composition.



GATEWAY TO SCONE PALACE.

Page 8, line 52.—*The Abbey of Scone.* The ancient town of Scone, of which little now remains, was about two miles and a half from Perth. The Abbey was founded in 1107 by Alexander I., and here the Scottish kings were crowned from that date down to the time of James II. Only a fragment of it is left, now used as a mausoleum by the Earl of Mansfield, on whose estate it stands. The famous "stone of Scone," the seat on which the kings were crowned, now forms part of the English coronation-chair in Westminster Abbey.

Scone is mentioned twice in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*: in ii. 4. 31, where Macbeth is said to have "gone to Scone" for coronation; and in the last sentence of the play where Malcolm says:

"So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone."

Line 59.—*The brave Macduff.* He who figures in the play of *Macbeth*.

Page 9, line 86.—*Methven*. A village six miles northwest of Perth.

Page 10, line 113.—*Lorn*. A mountainous district in the county of Argyle.

Line 122.—*Dalry*. A village nineteen miles southwest of Glasgow, beautifully situated on the river Garnock.

Page 12, line 174.—*Loch Lomond*. The largest lake in Scotland, sixteen miles northwest of Glasgow.



VIEW OF LOCH LOMOND.

Page 13, line 208.—*The Castle of Berwick*. Berwick-upon-Tweed, at the mouth of that river, on the English side of it. It played an important part in the wars between England and Scotland.

THE TAKING OF THREE CASTLES.

Page 30, line 18.—*The Grassmarket*. The cut on page 31 gives a good idea of the steepness of the Castle Hill on this side.

Page 33, line 81.—*Linlithgow*. See the cut of this castle on page 119. The town, sixteen miles west of Edinburgh, is one of the oldest in Scotland. The fortified palace, or castle, situated on an eminence jutting into a small lake, was frequently the residence of the Scottish monarchs. Compare *Marmion*, iv. 287 :

“Of all the palaces so fair
Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
Linlithgow is excelling.”

Page 35, line 153.—*Then a very large castle.* Scanty remains of it are now to be seen. The large town close by it has entirely disappeared, the present village of Roxburgh being two miles and a half distant.

DOUGLAS AND THE HEART OF ROBERT BRUCE.

"IN the last year of Robert the Bruce's reign he became extremely sickly and infirm, chiefly owing to a disorder called the leprosy, which he had caught during the hardships and misfortunes of his youth, when he was so frequently obliged to hide himself in woods and morasses, without a roof to shelter him. He lived at a castle called Cardross, on the beautiful banks of the River Clyde, near to where it joins the sea; and his chief amusement was to go upon the river, and down to the sea in a ship, which he kept for his pleasure. He was no longer able to sit upon his war-horse, or to lead his army to the field . . . At length he became very ill, and finding that he could not recover he assembled around his bedside the nobles and counsellors in whom he most trusted. He told them, that now, being on his death-bed, he sorely repented all his misdeeds, and particularly that he had, in his passion, killed Comyn with his own hand, in the church and before the altar. He said that if he had lived he had intended to go to Jerusalem, to make war upon the Saracens who held the Holy Land, as some expiation for the evil deeds he had done. But since he was about to die he requested of his dearest friend and bravest warrior, and that was the Good Lord James Douglas, that he should carry his heart to the Holy Land" (Scott). He died soon after this, on the 7th of June, 1329, in the 55th year of his age and the 23d of his reign.

Page 38, line 5.—*Value . . . for.* Esteem for (rare).

Page 39, line 30.—*Allah illah Allah!* Arabic for "God is God."

Line 35.—*Roslyn.* Roslyn (or Roslin) Castle, the ancient seat of the St. Clairs, is about ten miles south of Edinburgh, on a precipitous rock overhanging the Esk. Only a few ruins of it are left.

Page 40, line 56.—*The Black Douglas.* Compare pages 36, 37.

Line 79.—*Where Thomas Dickson and Douglas held so terrible a Palm Sunday.* The allusion is to a memorable exploit of Douglas, in recovering his castle after it had been taken by the English. Scott tells the story thus in the *Tales of a Grandfather*: "Douglas went in disguise to the house of one of his old servants, called Thomas Dickson, a strong, faithful, and bold man, and laid a scheme for

taking the castle. A holiday was approaching, called Palm Sunday. Upon this day it was common, in the Roman Catholic times, that the people went to church in procession, with green boughs in their hands. Just as the English soldiers, who had marched down from the castle, got into church, one of Lord James's followers raised the cry of *Douglas, Douglas!* which was the shout with which that family always began battle. Thomas Dickson, and some friends whom he had collected, instantly drew their swords and killed the first Englishman whom they met. But as the signal had been given too soon Dickson was borne down and slain. Douglas and his men presently after forced their way into the church. The English soldiers attempted to defend themselves; but, being taken by surprise and unprepared, they were, for the greater part, killed or made prisoners, and that so suddenly and with so little noise that their companions in the castle never heard of it. So that when Douglas and his men approached the castle gate they found it open, and that part of the garrison which were left at home busied cooking provisions for those that were at church. So Lord James got possession of his own castle without difficulty, and he and his men eat up all the good dinner which the English had made ready. But Douglas dared not stay there, lest the English should come in great force and besiege him; and therefore he resolved to destroy all the provisions which the English had stored up in the castle, and to render the place unavailing to them; after which he set fire to the castle, and finally marched away and took refuge with his followers in the hills and forests."

Line 82.—*The church of Dunfermline.* That is, the abbey church. See note on page 1, line 1.

Page 42, line 111.—*Sir Henry de Bohun.* "There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The king being poorly mounted and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear and his tall powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But, as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nut-shell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed him-

self to so much danger when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The king only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe" (Scott). This was on the 23d of June, 1314, the day before the great battle of Bannockburn, in which the English were defeated by Bruce with great slaughter, while the loss of the Scots was surprisingly small.

THE HEART OF THE BRUCE.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN was born in Edinburgh in 1813 and, after being admitted to the bar and practising law for some years, was appointed professor of rhetoric in the university of his native city. He married a daughter of John Wilson, well known as an author under the pseudonym (or fictitious name) of "Christopher North." In 1849, Aytoun published the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers and other Poems*, which at once gave him fame as a poet. He wrote other books of poems, besides prose tales and critical essays in *Blackwood's Magazine*. He died in 1865.

Page 44, line 1.—*It was upon an April morn.* The style of the old ballads is imitated more or less throughout the poem, as may be seen by comparing it with *Sir Patrick Spens* and *The Battle of Otterbourne*. It should be compared also with the prose narrative that precedes it here.

Line 18.—*O, but his face was wan.* Aytoun wrote at first "And, O, his face was wan."

Line 21.—*Come hither, I pray.* The earlier reading was "Come hither, come hither."

Line 24.—*I needs must tell.* Originally "I fain would tell."

Page 45, line 40.—*Good Saint Andrew.* The patron saint of Scotland. The *cross* known by his name is in the form of the letter X.

Line 51.—*The great angel.* See *Revelations*, xx.

Page 46, line 53.—*Rede.* Also spelled *read*, being the noun corresponding to the verb *read*, the original meaning of which was "to counsel or advise." Compare *Hamlet*, i. 3. 51: "And recks not his own rede;" that is, does not mind, or follow, the advice he gives to others.

Line 55.—*In fiery fight against the foe.* Observe the *alliteration*, or beginning successive words with the same sound, as here with *f*. Point out other examples in this poem.

Line 67.—*Scotland's kindly earth.* That is, *native* earth, the land of his birth. The original meaning of both *kind* and *kindly* is "natural." In the Litany "the kindly fruits of the earth" are its *natural* fruits, or such as it brings forth according to its *kind*, or nature. Compare the noun in *Genesis*, i. 11, 12, 21, 24, etc.

Line 71.—*Betide.* A word now used only in poetry or in prose imitating the old style.

Line 77.—*And aye we sailed, and aye we sailed.* Compare note on page 1, line 13.

Line 78.—*The weary sea.* Explain the use of the adjective. Is it really the *sea* that is *weary*?

Page 47, line 84.—*The trumpet's wavering call.* Just what does *wavering* mean here? Tennyson, in his *Sir Galahad*, speaks of "the shattering trumpet." What does that mean?

Line 89.—*The Moors have come,* etc. Who says this? Compare note on page 2, lines 39, 40.

Lines 93, 94.—*Now shame it were,* etc. There seems to be a "change of construction" here. We should expect "Now shame it were (would be) if it should be said of me," etc. We might, however, explain it as an instance of the omission of the relative (compare note on page 1, line 6): "Now it would be a shame *that* (or *which*) shall never be said," etc. In that case, a comma should be inserted after *me*.

Line 97.—*Have down.* A form of expression found in the old ballads, as in other early English. So we find *have after* (follow, pursue), *have with you* (I'll go with you), *have at you* (here's a blow, or a challenge, for you), etc.

Merry men (sometimes printed *merry-men* or *merrymen*), as used in the ballads, means simply followers or retainers. Compare page 61, line 108.

Line 99.—*The Scottish lion.* The symbol of Scotland, appearing in the "royal arms" for the first time on the seal of Alexander II., who came to the throne in 1214. Explain the use of the expression here.

Line 101.—*Now welcome to me,* etc. Who is the speaker?

Line 107.—*France's lilies.* The *fleur-de-lis*, the symbol of the ancient royal family of France, and figured on the royal standard. Compare Macaulay, *The Battle of Ivry*: "Charge for the golden lilies now!"

Line 108.—*Burgundie.* Burgundy, a province in the eastern part of France, was for a time a separate kingdom and afterwards a duchy.

Page 48, line 113.—*We do not fight for bond or plight.* See note on page 2, line 25. Compare lines 121, 145, 197, etc.

Line 126.—*Eyne*. Or *eyen*, an old plural formed like *oxen*, *hosen* (*Daniel*, iii. 21), *shoon* (*Hamlet*, iv. 5. 26), etc. It is used here for the sake of the rhyme. Compare page 61, line 114.

Line 134.—*Amain*. That is, with *main*, or force. The noun is still used in this sense in the expression, "with might and main."

Page 49, line 140.—*As frank as I*. The first reading was "as bold as I."

Line 146.—*Like flame*. An example of *simile* (from a Latin word meaning like, or *similar*, which has the same derivation), or a formal comparison of one thing to another. Compare line 151 just below.

This and other variations from the ordinary or *literal* use of language are called *figures of speech*, or forms of *figurative language*.

Line 147.—*Speur in rest*. A spear was said to be *in rest* when its butt was in the projection on the side of the armor called the *rest*; that is, in position for use in attack or defence. See also note on page 77, line 88.

Line 151.—*Like corn*. Explain the simile.

Line 157.—*We might not see*. That is, *could* not see; in imitation of old English.

Line 161.—*Make in*. One of several obsolete combinations with *make*, expressing motion; as *make after* (follow, pursue), *make at* (approach as if to attack), *make up to* (approach, advance to), etc. We still use *make way with*, *make for*, *make off*, etc. Compare combinations with *have* (note on page 47, line 97).

Line 164.—*We may not*. That is, *we cannot*, or *must not*; as often in old English.

Page 50, line 171.—*An' if*. For *and if*, which is very common in old writers. Compare *Matthew*, xxiv. 48, where we have "but and if." *And* or *an* was often used alone in the sense of *if*; as in Bacon's 23d *Essay*: "they will set a house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs."

Line 174.—*Lion-like*. A simile in a compound word.

Line 179.—*Pass thee first, thou dauntless heart*. Here we have an example of *personification* and *apostrophe*, the *heart* being first imagined to have life and intelligence, and then addressed like a person.

For *pass thee* the earlier editions have "pass thou," which is the proper modern construction. *Pass thee* is probably not to be regarded as reflexive, but as one of the expressions in which *thee* is used for *thou*, apparently for euphony, as Dr. Abbott (*Shakespearian Grammar*, § 212) believes. "*Thee*, thus used, follows imperatives, which being themselves emphatic, require an unemphatic pronoun." In Shakespeare we find "look thee here," "run thee to the parlor," "stand thee by," "come thee on," "fare thee well," etc.

Lines 185-188.—*Now praised be God*, etc. Who says this?

Line 192.—*Dree*. An obsolete word, like *stour* in line 182 above and *lyart* in 198 below.

Page 51, lines 195, 196.—*And woe that I am living man*, etc. The earlier reading was :

“ And woe is me I should be here,
Not side by side with him !”

Line 201.—*O Bothwell banks*, etc. Another example of apostrophe. Bothwell Castle, which was long a possession of the Douglas family, is on the bank of the Clyde, about eight miles above Glasgow. It was built in the 12th century, and is still an admirable specimen of an old baronial fortress.

Line 205.—*Vail thy head*. The obsolete *vail*, meaning to lower or cast down ; not *veil*, as often misunderstood and misprinted here and in other poetry. Compare *Hamlet*, i. 2. 70 :

“ Do not forever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust ;”

that is, with downcast eyes.

Line 212.—*Countrie*. Accented on the second syllable, for the sake of the metre and the rhyme.

Page 52, line 225.—*We lifted thence the good Lord James*. The earlier reading was “ We bore the good Lord James away ;” and in the next line “ we bore ” for *he bore*.

Line 234.—*Melrose*. How accented here? Why?

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

Page 53, line 14.—*And with whom*. The *and* should be omitted, and *who*, and *whom*, and *which*, etc. being proper only when joined to a preceding relative clause. Here, for example, we might write “ Percy, Earl of Northumberland, *who was* an English noble of great power, and with whom,” etc.

Page 54, line 31.—*His castle of Dalkeith*. The town of Dalkeith is about eight miles southeast of Edinburgh. The castle came into the possession of Douglas in 1369. It was sold to the Earl of Buccleuch in 1642, but nothing of the original building now remains, the present castle, or palace, having been erected in the early part of the 18th century.

Page 55, line 84.—*Indifferently*. That is, “ not particularly well, but still not ill.” He knows that he is dying, but, as the context

shows, he tries to put a good face upon it for the sake of his followers.

Page 56, line 106.—*Froissart*. Jean Froissart, a French poet and historian, was born in 1337. At the age of 20 he began to write a history of the wars of his time, which forms the first part of his famous *Chronicles*. In 1360 he visited England and was received with great favor by Philippa, wife of Edward III. Later he visited Scotland, and also went with the Black Prince to France and with the Duke of Clarence to Italy. After other travels he visited England again in 1395, and was courteously entertained by Richard III. Returning to France, he spent the rest of his life in completing his great historical work, which covers the events occurring from 1326 to 1400 in France, England, Scotland, Spain, Flanders, etc. He died in 1410.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

Otterbourne is only an earlier spelling of *Otterburn*. There are several versions of this ballad, as of *Sir Patrick Spens*.

Page 57, line 4.—*To drive a prey*. That is, to take and carry off plunder, a good part of which was likely to be cattle. Some copies have "fetch a prey."

Lines 5-7.—The *Gordons*, *Graemes* (or *Grahams*), *Lindsays*, and *Jardines* were noted Scotch families.

As a specimen of the variations in the ballad, we may quote this and the following stanza as they appear in another version :

"And he has ta'en the Lindsays light,
With them the Gordons gay ;
But the Jardines wad not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

"Then they hae harried the dales of Tyne
And half o' Bambrough-shire ;
And the Otter-dale they burned it hail,
And set it a' on fire."

Line 9.—*Of Tyne*. The river of that name in Northumberland.

Line 10.—*Bambrough shire*. The country about *Bamborough*, a town on the coast of Northumberland, sixteen miles southeast of Berwick.

Line 11.—*Reidswire fells*. A wild rocky district near the Border.

Page 58, line 24.—*The tane of us*. *Tane* was originally a contraction of *the aue*, but came to be used with the article. So *tome*

(*the one*) is often found in old writers; and *tother* (*the other*) is often the correlative to it. Compare Golding's *Ovid*: "The tone for using crueltie, the tother for his trull." *Tother* is a vulgarism by no means obsolete now.

Line 27.—*For to meet*. This use of *for* before an infinitive, now a vulgarism, was common in early English, and is by no means rare in writers of the time of Elizabeth. It occurs now and then in Shakespeare; as in the *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 427: "Forbid the sea for to obey the moon."

Lines 33-40.—*Had we twa been upon the green*, etc. Who says this? And who is the speaker in the three stanzas that follow?

Page 59, line 60.—*And threw their pallions down*. Another reading is: "And pitched their pallions down."

Lines 66, 68.—The rhyme of *dawn* and *hand* is very imperfect; but it is no better in this version:

"Then up and spake a little boy,
Was near of Douglas' kin—
'Methinks I see an English host
Come branking us upon.'"

Lines 69, 70.—*Ye lie, ye lie*, etc. Compare page 2, lines 39, 40.

Line 74.—*The Isle of Sky*. The modern spelling is *Skye*.

Page 60, line 83.—*They swakked their swords*. One version has this old verb *swakked* again in line 119 instead of *swapped*.

Line 84.—*Like rain*. What figure of speech is this?

Line 85.—*Good broad*. It should be "gude braid," to correspond with line 77; but see note on page 1, line 2.

Line 104.—*A kindly Scot*. See note on page 46, line 67.

Page 61, line 108.—*Merrie-men*. See note on page 47, line 97.

Line 114.—*Shoon*. The old plural of *shoe*. See note on page 48, line 126.

Line 118.—*That either of other were fain*. Another version has "was fain," which is grammatically correct, as *either* is singular. The meaning is "So that each was glad to meet the other," that is, each was eager for the combat. *That for so that* is common in Shakespeare and other Elizabethan writers.

Line 119.—*And they twa swat*. That is, they two sweat. Another reading is "And sair they swat." Compare line 83.

Page 62, line 137.—*The Otterbourne*. The word *bourne* or *bourne* means stream or brook, and occurs in many English geographical names, as *Bournemouth*, *Westbourne*, etc. The Scottish form is *burn*; as in *Bannockburn*, *Burnmouth*, *Buxburn*, etc. Compare Shakespeare, *Lear*, iii. 6. 27: "Come o'er the bourne, Bessie, to me."

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

Page 63, line 2.—*Terouenne*. Now *Théronanne*, a town in the northwestern part of France, about 30 miles southeast of Calais.

Line 24.—*Wooler*. A town in Northumberland, about 45 miles northwest of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. In the vicinity are remains of ancient fortifications.

Page 64, line 37.—*Orders were given*, etc. For a spirited description of the gathering of the Scottish forces, see Scott's *Marmion*, cantos iv. and v.

Line 45.—*The castle of Twisell*. This castle, which has been rebuilt in grand style in modern times, is near the ancient bridge of Twisell which crosses the Till near its junction with the Tweed.

Page 65, line 67.—*Andrew Barton*. "One John Barton, a Scottish mariner, had been captured by the Portuguese, as far back as the year 1476. As the King of Portugal refused to make any amends, James granted the family of Barton letters of reprisals, that is, a warrant empowering them to take all Portuguese vessels which should come in their way, until their loss was made up. There were three brothers, all daring men, but especially the eldest, whose name was Andrew Barton. He had two strong ships, the larger called the *Lion*, the lesser the *Jenny Pirwen*, with which it would appear he cruised in the British Channel, stopping not only Portuguese vessels, but also English ships bound for Portugal. Complaints being made to King Henry, he fitted out two vessels, which were filled with chosen men and placed under the command of Lord Thomas Howard and Sir Edward Howard, both sons to the Earl of Surrey. They found Barton and his vessels cruising in the Downs, being guided to the place by the captain of a merchant vessel, whom Barton had plundered on the preceding day" (Scott). In the obstinate fight that ensued Barton was killed.

Line 78.—*Had pleaded so well for his brother*.—This was Lord David Lindsay who, in 1489, was accused of high treason. Patrick Lindsay was an excellent lawyer and, being allowed to plead in his brother's behalf, secured his acquittal. The king was so angry at the result that he put the successful advocate in prison for a year.

Line 82.—*A rose-noble*. An English gold coin, first issued by Edward IV. and worth ten shillings. The *rose* was part of the device.

Page 67, line 145.—*The fatal battle*. Compare the description of it in the 6th canto of *Marmion*.

Page 70, line 233.—*Mitred abbots*. That is, abbots who exercised the authority of bishops in the vicinity of their convents. The *mi-*

tre is the head-dress of a bishop, and often referred to as the symbol of his office.

Page 71, line 263.—*News have arrived.* *News* is the plural of *new* (a translation of the French plural *nouvelles*), and is often found with a plural adjective or verb in old writers. Shakespeare uses it in both numbers, even in the same play. Compare *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 180: "these ill news;" and v. 2. 102: "this news."

Line 269.—*Discharge.* Apparently equivalent to *prohibit*—a sense not given in the dictionaries.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

THE metre of this poem is mainly *trochaic*, or made up of *trochees*, a trochee being two syllables with the accent on the first. The accents are therefore on the *odd* syllables, not on the *even* ones, as in the preceding poems.

Page 73, line 13.—*The northern streamers.* The Northern Lights (or *Aurora Borealis*) which, like comets and other unusual appearances in the heavens, were formerly regarded by superstitious people as warnings of national danger and disaster. Compare the reference to comets in Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, ii. 2. 30:

"When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes."

Page 74, line 53.—*The elders of the city*, etc. Here the metre changes to *iambic* (see page 167), the accent being shifted to the even syllables.

Page 76, line 59.—*The Maiden Town.* Edinburgh is said to be so called from a tradition that the maiden daughters of a Pictish king were sent there for protection in a time of civil war.

Line 70.—*Then gird you to the fray.* That is, gird yourselves. In poetry the personal pronoun is often used reflexively.

Line 86.—*Were smote with fear.* *Smote* is an old form of the participle. Shakespeare uses *smote* and *smit*, never *smitten*.

Page 77, line 88.—*Hail never couched a spear.* A spear was said to be *couched* when it was *laid in rest*, or held with its butt in the *rest* described in the note on page 49, line 147.

Line 102.—*The Borough-moor.* See page 64, line 39.

Line 113.—*Dunedin's banner.* *Dunedin*, or *Dun Edin*, is "a Celtic assimilation of the name *Edinburgh* (that is, *Edwin's burgh* *),

* So called from an early king of Northumbria, whose dominion extended as far to the north as this.

serving at the same time as a descriptive designation of its site, the words meaning 'the face of a rock.'"

Line 115.—*Right heavily*. *Right* is a favorite adverb with old English writers, and is very common in the ballads.

Page 78, line 118.—*Woe is written on thy visage*. Here we have a *metaphor*, that is, an *indirect* or *implied* comparison, as distinguished from the *simile* (see note on page 49, line 146), which is *direct* or *formal*. The look of woe is indirectly compared to a written expression of the woe. The name *metaphor* is from the Greek, and means a *transference*. Here the idea of writing is transferred to a different kind of expression.

Line 126.—*Then he gave the riven banner*, etc. Here the metre changes to trochaic again.

Page 79, line 174.—*The tempest of their sorrow*. Another example of metaphor.

Line 180.—*Like a knell*, etc. Of what figure is this an example?

Page 80, line 195.—*Had been perilled*. That is, *which* had been ventured. See note on page 1, line 6.

Line 201.—*I hold it braver done*. Adjectives are sometimes used adverbially in poetry, especially in early writers.

Line 211.—*The Royal Lion*. What does this mean? What do you call the form of expression? Compare page 47, line 99.

Page 81, line 224.—*As the wolves*, etc. How does this differ from the reference to the *lion* in line 211? What peculiarity in the arrangement of lines 224-227?

Lines 228-231.—*But a rampart*, etc. Explain these lines.

Page 82, line 266.—*And the Miserere's singing*. The *Miserere* is the 51st *Psalms* (50th in the *Vulgate*), so called from the first word of the Latin version, which begins thus: "Miserere mei, Domine" ("Pity me, O Lord"). In the Roman Catholic and Greek churches it is used in the burial service and on certain other occasions.

The construction here—"the *Miserere* is singing"—is liable to be misunderstood. Some persons would say that "is being sung" would be better; but *singing* here (like *building* in "the house is building," etc.) is not the participle, but the "verbal noun," or "the infinitive in *-ing*," as some grammarians call it. The earlier form was *a-singing*, *a-building* (still used colloquially, as when boys talk of "going a-fishing," etc.), in which the *a* is a remnant of *an* or *on*. "The house is building" means "the house is in process of building." Compare *John*, 11. 20: "Forty and six years was this temple in building;" where *in* (equivalent to the old *an*, or *on*) is expressed. In 1 *Peter*, iii. 20, we have the form with *a*: "while the ark was a-preparing." In Shakespeare we have *a-bleeding*, *a-brewing*, *a-coming*, *a-doing*, etc.

The *a-* in *afire*, *afoot*, *ashore*, etc. is similarly prepositional. We can say instead *on fire*, *on foot*, *on shore*, etc. But some of these forms have become obsolete. We cannot now use *a-high* for *on high*, as Shakespeare does in *Richard III.* iv. 4. 86: "heaved a-high." On the other hand, we cannot use *on sleep* for *asleep*, as in *Acts*, xiii. 36: "fell on sleep."

Line 272.—*From each mountain-top a pillar*, etc. Alluding to signals given by fires on heights. Compare page 73, line 9. Compare *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, iii. 325:

"Is yon red glare the western star?
O, 't is the beacon-blaze of war!
* * * * *
On Penchryst glows a bale of fire,
And three are kindling on Priesthaughswire.
Ride out, ride out,
The foe to scout."

See also the long and spirited description of the signal-fires in Macaulay's poem of *The Armada*, in our *Tales from English History*, pages 76-79.

Page 83, line 278.—*God protect thee, Maiden City*. See on page 76, line 59, and on page 51, line 179. The apostrophe continues through line 291.

Line 291.—*Aud to side with Wallace crime*. Referring to the gallant Sir William Wallace, a famous Scotch patriot of the latter part of the 13th century. He was the most successful leader of his countrymen in the rebellion of that time against English rule.

Page 84, line 311.—*The fell and bitter cup*. This metaphor is a common one. Compare *Psalms*, xxiii. 5, li. 17, cxvi. 13, *Matthew*, xx. 22, xxvi. 39, etc. See also Shakespeare, *Lear*, v. 3. 304:

"All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings."

Find other examples.

Line 323.—*Shall be broke*. This form of the participle is obsolete, like the past tense *brake*. It is often used by the poets; as by Byron in *The Destruction of Sennacherib*: "And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal."

Line 330.—*Though our hearts are bleeding yonder*. Explain this.

Page 85, line 348.—*Thunder*. Is this word literal or figurative? Explain. Compare line 358 below.

Line 352.—*From the bloody heaps of Flodden*. Does this modify the preceding or the following line?

Line 361.—*Scotland's glory may not set.* What is the figure here, and from what is it taken?

Line 364.—*Yeomen.* The word was properly applied to the class between gentlemen and laborers, or the small landed proprietors; but it is often used, as here, for private soldiers.

Line 368.—*A common gulf of ruin,* etc. Explain this figure also.

Page 86, line 385.—*He will be our strength and tower.* For the figure, compare *Psalms*, xviii. 2, lxi. 3, *Proverbs*, xviii. 10, etc.

THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH.

JAMES V. OF SCOTLAND was born at Linlithgow (see note on page 33, line 81) on the 10th of April, 1512. His father died the next year, and the Duke of Albany was appointed regent, but was finally displaced through the jealousy and enmity of the Earl of Angus, who had married the widow of the deceased king. When James was seventeen he resolved to throw off the authority of Angus, whom he banished. In 1537 he married Magdalen, the daughter of Francis I. of France. She lived only a few weeks; and the same year James married Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise. In 1542 war with England occurred again, and divisions in Scotland led to disaster and defeat, which broke the heart of the king. He shut himself up in Falkland palace, where he died on the 13th of December, 1542, seven days after the birth of his daughter, Mary Queen of Scots.

The portrait of James on page 87 is from a wood-carving at Stirling.

Page 88, line 11.—*The castle of Stirling.* The castle was a royal residence before the time of James V., but he was the first to build a palace separate from the fortress. This palace forms the inner quadrangle of the castle, which is in good condition still and occupied by a garrison.

Ballengiech (or *Ballengeich*) means "windy pass."

Line 24.—*Kippen.* See note on page 143, line 17.

Page 89, line 50.—*The bridge of Cramond.* This bridge, at the village of Cramond, a few miles from Edinburgh, crosses the Almond river, which flows into the Firth of Forth.

Page 91, line 110.—*On condition that John Howieson or his successors,* etc. In 1822 Howison Cranford, the descendant of this man, fulfilled the condition by presenting a silver ewer to George IV. on his visit to this part of Scotland.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS RESIGNS THE CROWN.

MARY STUART was born at Linlithgow (see cut on page 119) on the 8th of December, 1542, and became Queen of Scotland when she was a baby. At the age of six she was promised in marriage to Francis, son of the King of France, whither she was sent to be educated. The marriage took place in 1558 when she was sixteen, and the next year the couple became king and queen of France. On the death of Francis in December, 1560, Mary returned to Scotland, assuming the sovereignty there. In 1565 she married her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and had one son, who became James



LORD DARNLEY IN HIS YOUTH.

VI. of Scotland and James I. of England. Darnley and Mary were not happy together, and he, disappointed at not having an equal share in the government, plotted with the Protestant nobles to imprison her. She had a favorite secretary, David Rizzio, an Italian; and one evening while she was at supper with him in Holyrood Palace, Darnley with a company of armed men rushed into the room,

dragged Rizzio out, and killed him. This was in 1566, and a year afterwards the house in which Darnley was staying was blown up, causing his death. The Earl of Bothwell was accused of the murder, but escaped punishment, and three months afterwards Mary married him. This was more than her subjects could endure, and Bothwell fled to Denmark, while Mary was shut up in Lochleven Castle. She escaped on the 2d of May, 1568 (as described on pages 109-119), and raised an army. A defeat at Langside, near Glasgow (May 15, 1568), disheartened her, and she fled to England, throwing herself upon the protection of Queen Elizabeth. She was treated by her as an enemy, and kept in prison for eighteen years, when, on an accusation of having plotted against the life of Elizabeth, she was convicted and condemned to death. She was finally beheaded in Fotheringay Castle on the 8th of February, 1587. Five months afterwards her body was buried with great pomp in the cathedral at Peterborough, whence it was removed in 1612 to Westminster Abbey, London, and placed in a magnificent tomb erected by her son, then King of England.

The narrative given here is true to the main facts of history, though the minor details are fictitious. The noblemen mentioned are all historical personages. Ruthven was a friend of Darnley, and both he and Lindesay were of the party that murdered Rizzio. The Lady of Lochleven was Lady Douglas, mother of the Lord James, afterwards Earl of Murray (see page 100, line 238). She claimed to have been legally married to James V., and that consequently her son, and not Mary, was rightful heir to the crown.

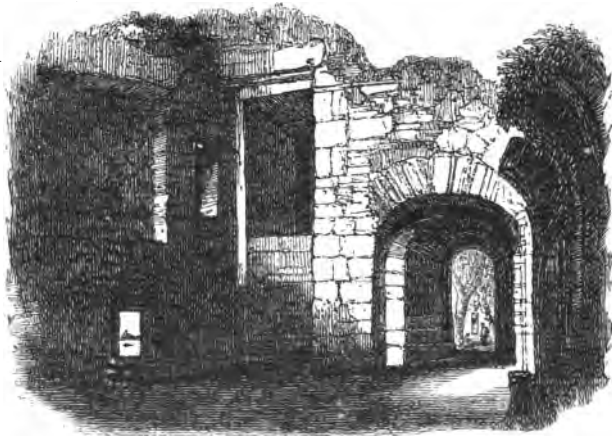
Lochleven Castle (see cut on page 109) takes its name from *Loch Leven*, a small lake about twenty miles north of Edinburgh. The castle is on an island in the lake, half a mile from the shore, and in Mary's time belonged to the Douglas family. Nothing now remains of it but one rugged tower and a few mouldering walls. The cut shows a room in the tower, said to have been the bed-chamber of Mary.

Page 93, line 25.—*Scutcheon*. A *scutcheon*, or *escutcheon*, is a shield on which the arms of a person or family are *emblazoned*, or depicted. Here the word is used figuratively as the symbol of the family honor or reputation.

Line 32.—*The Kirk of Field*. The house where Darnley was killed was close to the Kirk of Field, the site of a church which stood near where the University of Edinburgh now is.

Page 94, line 56.—*Add not brands to fire*. What does this mean? What figure is it?

Page 95, line 87.—*A female*. It is now considered bad taste to use this word where *woman* or *lady* will do as well.



MARY'S BED-CHAMBER, LOCHLEVEN.

Page 96, lines 117-120.—*It was the service which the knife, etc.* The figure here is a simile, though no word expressing resemblance (*like, as, etc.*) is used. Why?

Line 124—*Archibald Douglas*. One of the most famous of the Douglas family, and sometimes called the "Great Earl." At the time here referred to, one Robert Cochran, an unworthy favorite of James III., had obtained the earldom of Mar from the king by bribery, much to the disgust of all Scotland. An invasion by Edward IV. being threatened, James assembled the Scottish forces at the Borough-moor of Edinburgh (see page 64, line 39) whence they marched to Lauder (about 25 miles southeast of Edinburgh); but the great barons, who had already assembled with their followers, were less disposed to march against the English than to reform abuses in their own country. The story may be continued as Scott tells it in the *Tales of a Grandfather*: "Many of the nobility and barons held a secret council in the church of Lauder, where they enlarged upon the evils which Scotland sustained through the insolence and corruption of Cochran and his associates. While they were thus declaiming, Lord Gray requested their attention to a fable. 'The mice,' he said, 'being much annoyed by the persecution of the cat, resolved that a bell should be hung about puss's neck, to give notice when she was coming. But though the measure was agreed

to in full council, it could not be carried into effect, because no mouse had courage enough to undertake to tie the bell to the neck of the formidable enemy.' This was as much as to intimate his opinion that, though the discontented nobles might make bold resolutions against the king's ministers, yet it would be difficult to find any one courageous enough to act upon them. Archibald, Earl of Angus, a man of gigantic strength and intrepid courage, started up when Gray had done speaking. 'I am he,' he said, 'who will bell the cat;' from which expression he was distinguished by the name of Bell-the-Cat to his dying day.

"While thus engaged, a loud authoritative knocking was heard at the door of the church. This announced the arrival of Cochran, attended by a guard of three hundred men, attached to his own person and all gayly dressed in his livery of white, with black facings, and armed with partisans. His own personal appearance corresponded with this magnificent attendance. He was attired in a riding suit of black velvet, and had round his neck a fine chain of gold, whilst a bugle-horn, tipped and mounted with gold, hung down by his side. His helmet was borne before him, richly inlaid with the same precious metal; even his tent and tent-cords were of silk, instead of ordinary materials. In this gallant guise, having learned there was some council holding among the nobility, he came to see what they were doing, and it was with this purpose that he knocked furiously at the door of the church. Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, who had the charge of watching the door, demanded who was there. When Cochran answered, 'The Earl of Mar,' the nobles greatly rejoiced at hearing he was come, to deliver himself, as it were, into their hands. As Cochran entered the church, Angus, to make good his promise to bell the cat, met him, and rudely pulled the gold chain from his neck, saying, 'A halter would better become him.' Sir Robert Douglas, at the same time, snatched away his bugle-horn, saying, 'Thou hast been a hunter of mischief too long.' 'Is this jest or earnest, my lords?' said Cochran, more astonished than alarmed at this rude reception. 'It is sad earnest,' said they, 'and that thou and thy accomplices shall feel; for you have abused the king's favor towards you, and now you shall have your reward according to your deserts.'

"It does not appear that Cochran or his guards offered any resistance. . . . The only person who escaped was John Ramsay of Balmain, a youth of honorable birth, who clasped the king round the waist when he saw the others seized upon. Him the nobles spared, in respect of his youth, for he was not above sixteen years, and of the king's earnest intercession in his behalf. There was a loud acclamation among the troops, who contended with each other in offering

their tent-ropes and the halters of their horses, to be the means of executing these obnoxious ministers. With a rope of hemp they hanged Cochran over the centre of the bridge of Lauder (now demolished), in the middle of his companions, who were suspended on each side of him. When the execution was finished, the lords returned to Edinburgh, where they resolved that the king should remain in the castle, under a gentle and respectful degree of restraint."

Page 97, line 149.—*Seneschal*. The steward or superintendent of the domestic concerns of the castle.

Page 98, line 163.—*Physiognomists*. Persons skilled in the art of *physiognomy*, or judging a man's character by his features.

Line 168.—*David Rizzio*. His name is sometimes spelled *Riccio*.



DOORWAY WHERE RIZZIO WAS MURDERED.

Page 99, line 220.—*A fair and hopeful son*. Afterwards James I. of England.

Page 100, line 225.—*In a tone of bitter irony*. In *irony* (which

is reckoned one of the figures of speech) the meaning intended is the opposite of the literal sense of the words. The contemptuous tone indicates the real meaning of the speaker, as the context does in written discourse. Here Mary calls it "an easy boon" to give up the crown, and says it is "too little" for her subjects to ask, but there is no fear that she will be understood literally.

Line 238.—*James, Earl of Murray*. Sometimes called the "Good Regent." By the admirable exercise of his authority he secured the peace of Scotland, but was assassinated at Linlithgow in January, 1570, by James Hamilton, who was probably the agent of his political enemies, besides having a personal grievance against him.

Line 243.—*Comes the arrow*, etc. Explain the figure.

Page 101, line 260.—*Minion*. The word originally meant a darling, or favorite, but without any bad sense. In Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (1605) we find "God's disciple and his dearest minion;" and in Stirling's *Domes-day* (1614), "Immortal minions in their Maker's sight."

Line 275.—*Kerchief*. The word properly means a covering for the head (French *couvrir*, cover, and *chef*, head). Here it is a handkerchief.

Line 279.—*An anointed sovereign*. Alluding to the anointing of the head in the coronation ceremony, a practice dating back to the time of the Jewish monarchy. See 1 *Samuel*, ix. 16, x. 1, etc. "The Lord's anointed" was a common designation of the king (1 *Samuel*, xii. 3, 5, 2 *Samuel*, i. 14, 16). Mary here appeals to what is known as "the divine right of kings." Compare Shakespeare, *Richard II.*, iii. 2. 54:

"Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king;
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord."

Line 284.—*Pinkiecleugh*. About eight miles east of Edinburgh, where the Scots were badly defeated by the English in 1547.

Page 102, line 291.—*Every man's hand hath been against his brother*. Compare *Ezekiel*, xxxviii. 21.

Line 294.—*We may endure it*. That is, *can* endure it. Compare page 49, line 164.

Page 103, line 325.—*A masque*. A *masquerade*, or festive entertainment in which the company wear masks—usually a dancing-party or ball.

For *galliard* compare Shakespeare, *Henry V.* i. 2. 252: "a nimble galliard."

Line 330.—*Hermitage Castle*. On the Border, about 30 miles

from Carlisle. *Hawick* is a town about 15 miles to the northeast of the castle. The allusion is to a visit which Mary made to Bothwell at Hermitage, while he was suffering from a wound soon after the murder of Rizzio. The exterior of the castle, which was built in the 13th century, is still perfect.

Line 339.—*The butts*. The targets in archery.

Line 341.—*Saint Andrews*. An ancient city on the east coast of Scotland, 45 miles to the north of Edinburgh. The castle, the garden of which is referred to here, was the birthplace of James III. It is now in ruins, having been nearly demolished in the 16th century.

Page 104, line 355.—*The Marys*. The "four Marys," who were companions and attendants of Queen Mary from her childhood—Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Seaton. Mary Carmichael and Mary Hamilton afterwards took the place of the second and third, who married. Later, Mary Carmichael was executed for killing her child, of which Darnley was said to be the father.

Line 364.—*Cabals*. The word *cabal* means an intrigue, usually political or ecclesiastical, or the persons engaged in such a design, and is now used only in a bad sense. The name was given to an unpopular ministry of Charles II. consisting of Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale, the initials of whose names happened to compose the word; and Macaulay says that "it has never since their time been used except as a term of reproach."

Line 373.—*Add at least a handful of thistle-down*, etc. Is this literal or figurative language? Explain it.

Page 106, line 436.—*Under a sullen and contemptuous smile*. As this clause modifies *disguising*, it would seem better to put it immediately after that word; but it was probably placed where it is for the sake of emphasis.

Page 107, line 459.—*I think woman's flesh be as tender*, etc. This use of *be* after verbs of thinking was not uncommon in former times, even when the verb had not the full force of the subjunctive. Compare Shakespeare, *Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 379: "I think it be, sir; I deny it not;" and *Hamlet*, i. 1. 108: "I think it be no other but even so."

What is the figure in this sentence? What other ideas is *snow* often used to illustrate?

Page 108, line 478.—*Thy manliness of spirit*. That is, thy man-like courage and fortitude.

Line 490.—*Your respected grandame*. The Lady of Lochleven.

In the signature of Mary on page 108, the *R.* is the abbreviation of *Regina*, the Latin for *Queen*.

ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCHLEVEN.

Page 109, line 4.—*Kinross*. As the context indicates, the village is on the shore of Loch Leven, opposite the castle. It is the point from which tourists now usually take boats for visiting the island.

Page 110, line 19.—*The lights of Saint Elmo*. Balls of fire, of an electrical nature, sometimes seen on the tops of masts and the ends of yards of ships at sea, especially in threatening or stormy weather. They are so called after Saint Elmo, bishop of Formiæ, in ancient Italy, who died about 304 and is regarded as a patron saint by sailors in the Mediterranean. Compare Longfellow, *Golden Legend*:

“Last night I saw Saint Elmo’s stars,
With their glimmering lanterns, all at play
On the tops of the masts and the tips of the spars,
And I knew we should have foul weather to-day.”

Page 111, line 54.—*Taster at the queen’s table*. It used to be a regular formality at royal tables for an officer or servant, appointed for the purpose, to taste of the food and wines in order to certify to their good quality. This was called *taking the assay* (or *say*) or *giving the say*. Compare *Richard II.* v. 5. 99, where the keeper comes in with a dish for the imprisoned monarch, who says to him: “Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.”

Page 112, line 97.—*The hundred kings*. That is, the many kings, a definite number being used for an indefinite. *Hundred*, *thousand*, and similar “round numbers” are often so used, both in prose and poetry. This is one form of a figure called *metonymy*—a word meaning “change of name” or “exchange of names.”

Page 113, line 112.—*As men rid them*. That is, rid themselves. See note on page 76, line 70.

Line 137.—*Corpse-candles*. Among the common people in Great Britain the luminous exhalation known as the *ignis fatuus*, *Will-o’-the-wisp*, or *Jack-o’-lantern*, when seen in graveyards, is believed to be an omen of death.

Page 114, line 157.—*What thrift that churl drives*. What work that fellow is engaged in.

Line 164.—*Or nets, may he not?* Does she use the word literally or figuratively? Explain.

Page 115, line 176.—*Kent*. The verb is Scottish, and is not found in some of the large English dictionaries.

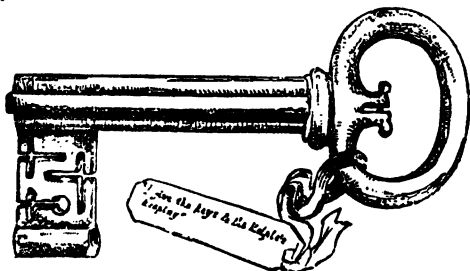
Line 183.—*Thou good bolt*. Define and explain the figure here.

Line 197.—*He sleeps for a wager.* That is, as soundly as if he were doing it for a wager.

Page 117, line 243.—*Supped upon poppy-porridge.* Is this to be understood literally? Explain it.

Line 255.—*Harquebuss.* Also spelled *harquebuse, arquebus, arquebuse, etc.*

Page 118, line 271.—*To Kelpie's keeping.* The *kelpie* (or *kelpy*) is an imaginary spirit of the waters, generally appearing in the form of a horse. The keys were fished up from the lake in the summer of 1805.



KEY OF MARY'S PRISON AT LOCHLEVEN.

QUEEN MARY'S ESCAPE FROM LOCHLEVEN.

ROBERT ALLAN was born at Kilbarchan, in Scotland, November 4, 1774. He was a muslin weaver, and many of his best songs were composed while working at the loom. A volume of his poems was published in 1836. When sixty-seven years of age he came to this country, where his youngest son was settled; but he died in New York on the 1st of June, 1841, only six days after his arrival.

The metre of this poem is iambic, the accents being regularly on the even syllables.

Page 120, line 13.—*Traitors sold.* That is, corrupt traitors, who have sold themselves to the enemies of their country.

Line 15.—*Steersman.* In Longfellow's *Poems of Places (Scotland, vol. ii. p. 145)*, the reading is "Then, steersmen, steersmen, on with speed." As there was only one boat the plural is obviously wrong. We have seen no other copy of the poem, but have no hesitation in printing *steersman*.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of Montrose, was born at Montrose, in 1612. When the civil war broke out between Charles I. and his Parliament, Montrose at first took sides with the latter, but afterwards went over to the king, and after his death fought for Charles II. After a brilliant military career he was defeated, taken prisoner, and condemned to be hanged on a gibbet thirty feet high, his head to be fixed on the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, and his limbs to be placed over the gates of the principal towns of Scotland. His execution took place on the 21st of May, 1650.

Aytoun says, in an introduction to this poem: "The perfect serenity of the man in the hour of trial and death, the courage and magnanimity which he displayed to the last, have been dwelt upon with admiration by writers of every class. He heard his sentence delivered without any apparent emotion, and afterwards told the magistrates who waited upon him in prison, that 'he was much indebted to the Parliament for the great honor they had decreed him;' adding that 'he was prouder to have his head placed upon the top of the prison than if they had decreed a golden statue to be erected to him in the market-place, or that his picture should be hung in the king's bedchamber.' He said 'he thanked them for their care to preserve the remembrance of his loyalty by transmitting such monuments to the different parts of the kingdom; and only wished that he had flesh enough to have sent a piece to every city in Christendom, as a token of his unshaken love and fidelity to his king and country.'"

Aytoun says also: "There is no ingredient of fiction in the historical incidents recorded in the ballad. . . . It may be considered as a narrative of the transactions, related by an aged Highlander, who had followed Montrose throughout his campaigns, to his grandson, shortly before the battle of Killiecrankie."

Page 121, line 9.—*The pibroch*. This is properly the wild irregular music, peculiar to the Scottish Highlands, performed upon the bagpipe; but the name is sometimes applied figuratively to the bagpipe itself.

Page 122, line 14.—*Lochaber's snows*. The *Braes of Lochaber* are a mountainous district, inhabited by the clan of Cameron, near Fort William. *Inverlochty's shore*, with the ruined *Castle of Inverlochty*, is in the same vicinity, at the mouth of the Lundy, a river that empties into Loch Eil. Here the Marquis of Montrose, in 1645, won a decisive victory over his great adversary, the Marquis of Ar-

gyle, who lost more than 1500 men in the battle. The engagement is described at great length in Scott's *Legend of Montrose*.

Line 15.—*What time*. At the time when; a construction now used only in poetry, but formerly sometimes in prose. Compare *Psalms*, lvi. 3, *Numbers*, xxvi. 10, *Job*, vi. 17. The full phrase *at what time* occurs in *Daniel*, iv. 5.

Line 21.—*Dundee*. The town on the Firth of Tay, east coast of Scotland.

Line 25.—*A traitor sold him*. This was Macleod of Assynt, a former adherent of Montrose, from whom he had reason to expect sympathy and assistance. He received for his treachery "four hundred bolls of meal."

Line 29.—*The mountain's side*. "The mountain side" would be preferable for euphony, or smoothness of sound.

Line 37.—*The Watergate*. Of Edinburgh.

Line 40.—*Fenceless*. Defenceless. Milton uses the word in *Paradise Lost*, x. 303.

Page 123, line 45.—*As a hound is slipped from leash*. Compare Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, i. 6. 38:

"Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will."

Line 53.—*Whig west-country lords*. "*Whig* was originally a nickname for the peasantry of the Western Lowlands of Scotland. Its next application was to the bands of Covenanters, chiefly from the west of Scotland, who took up arms against the government. Thence the name came to be fastened on the Presbyterian zealots of Scotland generally." Later it became a party name in England, and in recent times in this country, though now obsolete on both sides of the Atlantic.

Line 56.—*A-row*. In a row; the *a* being prepositional. See note on page 82, line 266.

Line 59.—The word *carle* or *carl* originally meant "a robust, strong, or hardy man," but came to be used contemptuously in the sense of "boor, rustic, clown, or churl."

Line 61.—*But when he came*, etc. Aytoun quotes here the *Wigton Papers*: "In all the way, there appeared in him such majesty, courage, modesty—and even somewhat more than natural—that those common women who had lost their husbands and children in his wars, and who were hired to stone him, were upon the sight of him so astonished and moved that their intended curses turned into tears and prayers; so that next day all the ministers preached against them for not stoning and reviling him."

Page 124, line 77.—*Then first a woman's voice was heard*, etc. According to the *Wigton Papers*, out of many thousand spectators the only one who "did publicly insult and laugh at him" was the Lady Jean Gordon, Countess of Haddington. She was an infamous woman, and the niece of Argyle.

Line 84.—*The master-fiend Argyle*. It must be borne in mind that it is a bitter enemy who is supposed to call him so. Archibald Campbell, Marquis of Argyle, born in 1598, became the leader of the Covenanters. As we have seen, Montrose defeated his army at Inverlochy. He finally met the same fate as his gallant rival, being convicted of treason for having submitted to Cromwell, and executed at Edinburgh on the 27th of May, 1661. It is said that he "displayed throughout his trial and on the scaffold the dignity of a true nobleman and the meekness of a Christian."

Lines 94-96.—*Back, coward*, etc. This is substantially what an Englishman is said to have "cried up" to him at the time.

Line 100.—*The slogan-cry*. The battle-cry of the Highlanders.

Page 126, line 102.—*Might of mailed men*. Note the alliteration; as also in lines 101 and 104. See note on page 46, line 55.

Line 110.—*The solemn hall*. Of the Parliament House, which adjoined or was part of the old Tolbooth (see cut on p. 125) and was also known as the "Heart of Midlothian." It stood close to St. Giles's Church until 1817, when it was pulled down.

Line 117.—*Warristoun*. "Archibald Johnston of Warristoun. This man, who was the inveterate enemy of Montrose, and who carried the most selfish spirit into every intrigue of his party, received the punishment of his treasons about eleven years afterwards" (Aytoun).

Line 123.—*Saint Andrew's cross*. On the Scottish flag. See note on page 45, line 40.

Line 127.—*That dark stream of royal blood*. Alluding to the execution of Charles I. in 1649.

Page 127, line 141.—*Then nail my head on yonder tower*, etc. On the night before his execution, Montrose inscribed the following lines with a diamond on the window of his prison :

"Let them bestow on every airth* a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake—

* The word is also spelled *airt*, *art*, and *arh*, and means "a point of the compass, especially one of the four cardinal points." Compare Burns's *Song* :

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west."

Scatter my ashes—strew them in the air ;
 Lord, since thou knowest where all these atoms are,
 I'm hopeful thou'lt recover once my dust,
 And confident thou'lt raise me with the just."

In 1661 the dust *was* recovered, the scattered remnants collected, and the bones of the hero conveyed to their final resting-place in the church of St. Giles, where a monument was erected to his memory.

Page 128, line 170.—*Like a bridegroom.* "He was very richly clad in fine scarlet, laid over with rich silver lace, his hat in his hand, his hands and cuffs exceeding rich, his delicate white gloves on his hands, his stockings of incarnate silk, and his shoes with their ribbons on his feet ; and sarks provided for him with pearling about, above ten pounds the elne. All these were provided for him by his friends, and a pretty cassock put on upon him, upon the scaffold, wherein he was hanged. To be short, nothing was here deficient to honor his poor carcase, more beseming a bridegroom than a criminal going to the gallows" (Nicholl's *Diary*, quoted by Aytoun).

Page 129, line 193.—*The grim Geneva ministers.* "The Presbyterian ministers beset Montrose both in prison and on the scaffold" (Aytoun). They are called *Geneva* ministers on account of their Calvinistic theology. John Calvin spent most of his life in Geneva.

Line 208.—*As it were.* See note on page 155, line 140.

KILLIECRANKIE AND THE DEATH OF DUNDEE.

JOHN GRAHAME of Claverhouse, Viscount of Dundee, was born about 1650. After studying at the University of St. Andrews he served some time in France as a volunteer, and afterwards went to Holland. He returned to Scotland in 1677, and became captain in a troop of dragoons engaged in enforcing the laws against the Covenanters. In 1689 he raised a band of Highlanders to fight for James II., and was killed at Killiecrankie, as here related by Scott. He was described by his enemies as a fiend in human shape ; and Macaulay calls him "a soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper and obdurate heart." Aytoun, on the other hand, who defends him against the charges of Macaulay, says that, according to the writings of his contemporaries, who knew him, he was "stainless in his honor, pure in his faith, wise in council, resolute in action, and utterly free from that selfishness which disgraced many of the Scottish statesmen of his time." We are admonished to "regard him in connection with the age and country in which he lived," and to remember that, in the bitter contest

then going on in Scotland, both parties were guilty of many atrocities. Dundee, in the words of another critic, "was neither the best nor the worst of his class."

Page 130, line 1.—*The castle of Blair*. This castle, the ancient seat of the Earls of Athol (or Athole), is near the village of Blair Athole, which is now a station on the Highland Railway, from Perth to Inverness, running through the Pass of Killiecrankie. Dunkeld, at the other end of the pass, is 20 miles from Blair Athole, and 16 from Perth. The wildest part of the pass, or the pass proper, however, is only about a mile and a half in length. The battle-field is near the Killiecrankie station, about three miles from Blair Athole.

Line 10.—*Amongst*. This is only an "extended" form of *among*, which is now generally preferred.

Line 23.—*MacKay's superior army*. General MacKay was the commander of the English forces in Scotland.

Page 131, line 39.—*English and Dutch regiments*. The Dutch soldiers were part of the army which William III. had brought over from Holland in 1688, when he wrested the throne of England from James II.

Page 132, line 78.—*Cuirass*. A piece of defensive armor, covering the body from the neck to the girdle. The word is French, and is derived from *cuir*, meaning leather. The cuirass was made either of leather, protected in front and back with steel plates, or entirely of steel.

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE.

THIS poem is in trochaic measure. See introduction to the notes on *Edinburgh after Flodden* (page 181).

Page 135, line 1.—*Slogan*. Compare page 124, line 100; and for *piobach*, page 121, line 9.

Page 136, line 38.—*On his shield*. Sleeping on it. For a different sense, compare the story of the Spartan mother giving the shield to her son going to the war with the parting injunction, "With this, or on it." Just what did she mean?

Lines 42, 43.—*That falcon eye*, etc. Explain the figures in these lines; also the one in line 46.

Page 137, line 76.—*Schehallion's lofty brow*. The mountain is 3547 feet high, and is said to have afforded a refuge to Robert the Bruce after the battle of Methven. It was on this mountain that Maskelyne, the astronomer royal, made his experiments in 1777 for ascertaining the weight of the earth.

Line 81.—*The Royal Martyr*. Charles I. of England.

Line 88.—*Him whom butchers murdered*, etc. James Sharpe, archbishop of St. Andrews, who was assassinated by a band of fanatical Covenanters on the 3d of May, 1679. "His government of the Scottish church was tyrannical and oppressive, and in consequence he became an object of hatred to most of his countrymen. When one Mitchell, a conventicle preacher, fired a pistol at him in the streets of Edinburgh [in 1668] the populace allowed the intending assassin to walk quietly off, without making a single effort to arrest him" (Chambers).

Page 188, line 95.—*Their pale Convention*. A meeting of the Estates of Scotland, called by the Prince of Orange in March, 1689. Its principal act was to settle the Scottish crown upon William and Mary.

Line 107.—*A deeper echo*. Is this literal or figurative? Explain it.

Line 109.—*The lands of wide Breadalbane*. An extensive district in Scotland, forming the western part of the county of Perth. The Marquis of Breadalbane is the chief proprietor.

Page 189, line 127.—*Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers*. Infantry and cavalry in the English army, commanded by the officers named.

Line 138.—*The hurricane of steel*. Explain this.

Line 139.—*Macdonald*. Coll Macdonald of Keppoch who, with his band of Highlanders, had joined Dundee's forces not long before the battle.

Line 140.—*Locheill*. Sir Evan Cameron of Locheill, or Lochiel, chief of the large and powerful clan of Cameron. He was also known as Evan Dhu, or Black Evan, from his dark complexion. Scott, in the *Tales of a Grandfather*, tells many interesting stories of him; this, for instance: "Being benighted, on some party for the battle or the chase, Evan Dhu laid himself down with his followers to sleep in the snow. As he composed himself to rest he observed that one of his sons or nephews had rolled together a great snowball, on which he deposited his head. Indignant at what he considered as a mark of effeminacy, he started up and kicked the snowball from under the sleeper's head, exclaiming, 'Are you become so luxurious that you cannot sleep without a pillow?'" After the civil war was over he grew old in peace, dying in 1719 at the age of ninety. In his last years, Scott says that "this once formidable warrior was fed like an infant, and like an infant rocked in a cradle."

Line 148.—*The Garry's deepest pool*. The Garry is the river flowing through the Pass of Killiecrankie.

Page 140, line 177.—*O thou lion-hearted warrior*. Of what figures have we examples here?

Page 141, line 185.—*The latest trumpet*. Compare *Revelations*, x. 6, 7, and xi. 15-18.

ROB ROY.

Page 142, line 7.—*Inversnaid*. A town near the head of Loch Lomond, on the east side. The road from here to Loch Katrine (five miles distant) passes the old cottage in which Helen McGregor, Rob Roy's wife, was born. A little to the north of this are the ruins of Inversnaid Fort, erected by government in 1713, to check the McGregors. It was at one time the quarters of General Wolfe.

Page 143, line 17.—*Kippen in the Lennox*. The district to the east of the lower part of Loch Lomond. The ruins of one stronghold of the once powerful family of Lennox are to be seen in the neighborhood of Balloch at the foot of the lake; and those of another are on the island of Inchmurrin about two miles away. *Kippen* is now the name of a station on the railway from Balloch to Stirling, about 20 miles from the former. Compare page 88, line 24.

Line 37.—*And who*. The *and* is superfluous. See note on page 53, line 14.

Page 144, line 50.—*Dougal Ciar*. An ancestor of Rob Roy, called Dougal or Dugald Ciar Mhor, or the "great mouse-colored man" (*Ciar* is pronounced *Kiar*), of whom Scott gives an account in the introduction to *Rob Roy*. He lived in the 16th century.

Page 146, line 112.—*Glen Dochart*. A few miles northwest of the upper end of Loch Lomond.

Line 125.—*The world and the world's law*, etc. From *Romeo and Juliet*, v. i. 72: "The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law."

Line 131.—*The death of the great Marquis*. See page 121.

Line 132.—*The defeat at Inverlochy*. See note on page 122, line 14. *The plundering of Lorn* by Montrose occurred in the winter of 1644.

Page 147, line 155.—*Balquhiddy*. A district about twelve miles northwest of Callander. Rob Roy's grave is in the churchyard of the village of Balquhiddy.

Page 149, line 209.—*Robin Hood of England*. A famous outlaw, whose exploits are narrated in old tales and ballads. Of his real history little or nothing is known. Scott introduces him as a character in his novel of *Ivanhoe*. Compare our *Tales of Chivalry*, pages 84-91.

The cut on page 149 represents Rob Roy's *sporan*, or purse, which, like the articles delineated on pages 52 (spur from Otterburn), 56 (old



BALQUHIDDER.

hunting-horn and sword), 62, 72, and 205, is from Scott's interesting collection of antiquities at Abbotsford.

BATTLE OF PRESTON PANS.

*Preston Pans** is a village on the Firth of Forth, about eight miles east of Edinburgh, so called from the pans formerly used there for making salt out of sea-water. The battle here described occurred on the 21st of September, 1745. This account of it, from Scott's novel of *Waverley*, is true to history in the main, though some of the minor details are fictitious.

Charles Edward Lewis Gasimir Stuart, often called the Younger Pretender, was the son of James Francis Edward, Prince of Wales, the Elder Pretender, who was the son of James II. of England, deposed in the Revolution of 1688. He claimed to be the rightful king of England, and in 1744, aided by the French, he gathered a fleet and

* The name is now generally printed as one word, *Prestonpans*. Scott spent a part of his childhood at this place. See our *Tales of Chivalry*, page 6.

army for the purpose of regaining the throne; but his ships were scattered by a storm, and the invasion was given up. In 1745 he went to Scotland, where he raised an army, took Edinburgh, and defeated the English at Preston Pans. He then invaded England, but was obliged to retreat to Scotland, where he was routed by the English at the battle of Culloden, after which the shattered remnant of his army was dispersed and he himself compelled to take refuge in the Highlands. After many perilous adventures he escaped to France, and finally died in Rome on the 30th of January, 1788.

Page 150, line 6.—*Seaton and Cockensie*. The latter village is on the sea-coast, two miles from Preston; the former is about two miles inland from Cockenzie.

Page 151, line 11.—*The English general*. Sir John Cope.

Line 17.—*The Chevalier*. That is, Prince Charles Edward.

Line 33.—*Point of war*. As the context implies, a particular signal given by means of military music.

Page 152, line 47.—*Thick as leaves in Vallombrosa*. This familiar quotation is from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, i. 302:

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades
High over-arch'd imbower."

Vallombrosa was a famous abbey in Tuscany, at an elevation of about 3000 feet on the wooded mountains near Florence. It was founded in the 11th century, and suppressed in 1869. The buildings are now occupied by a school of forestry.

Line 51.—*Fergus*. Fergus Mac-Ivor is a Highland chieftain, one of the fictitious characters in *Waverley*; and Edward Waverley, the hero of the novel, is another.

Line 57.—*Opiate*. The word literally means a preparation of opium, used to diminish nervous excitement or to produce sleep. Here it is used metaphorically, and is explained by the context.

Line 60.—*Callum*. Callum Beg, one of Fergus's Highland followers.

Line 63.—*Gaelic*. The language of the Highlanders.

Page 154, line 116.—*The adventurer*. Prince Charles Edward. Scott prints *adventurer* with a capital.

Line 122.—*Phalanx*. The word is of Greek origin, and is applied to a body of troops formed in close array. In the Greek phalanx, the men, clad in armor, bore their shields so as to form a continuous bulwark, while the long spears of the successive ranks overlapped one another, presenting a firm and serried front to the foe.

Line 125.—*The words were synonymous*. In what sense are *best armed* and *best born* here *synonymous*, or of the same meaning?

Line 132.—*Win silks for our tartans.* That is, by plundering the conquered enemy.

Page 155, line 140.—*As it would.* That is, as *if* it would. This use of *as* was formerly common. Compare *Macbeth*, i. 4. 11 :

“To throw away the dearest thing he owed [had],
As 't were a careless trifle.”

Page 156, line 200.—*Colonel Gardiner.* A prominent officer on the English side. He fell close to the park of Bankton House, his residence, and a monument to his memory has been erected on the spot.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.



THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, July 27, 1777, and was educated at the university of that city and in Germany. His first published poem (1799) was *The Pleasures of Hope*, from which he is known as “the Bard of Hope.” *Gertrude of Wyoming*, his only

other poem of any considerable length, appeared in 1809. In 1826 he was appointed lord rector of the University of Glasgow. He wrote a *Life of Mrs. Siddons* and another of *Petrarch*, besides minor works in prose. He died June 15, 1844, and was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Page 158, line 1.—*Lochiel*. Donald Cameron of Lochiel was a famous Highland chieftain who was the most important adherent of Charles Edward in Scotland. The Pretender would not have ventured on the war without his support. He captured Edinburgh, and was wounded at Culloden, after which he fled to France. The ruins of his castle at Auchnacarry are still to be seen near Loch Arkaig. It was burned by the Duke of Cumberland in his ravaging march through the country after the victory at Culloden. The memory of the "gentle Lochiel," as he was called, is still fondly cherished in the Highlands.

The metre of this poem is *anapestic*, the accents being regularly on every third syllable—the 3d, 6th, 9th, and 12th. It is supposed to be made up of *anapests*, the anapest being a metrical *foot* consisting of two unaccented syllables and an accented syllable. In the 2d, 3d, and 4th lines the metre is regular throughout :

"When the Low'- | lands shall meet' | thee in bat'- | tle array' |
For a field' | of the dead' | rushes red' | on my sight',
And the clans' | of Cullo'- | den are scat'- | tered in fight'."

But in the 1st line the *iambus* takes the place of the anapest in the first three feet : "Lochiel', | Lochiel', | beware' | of the day' ;" and the same substitution occurs in many other parts of the poem.

Line 7.—*Proud Cumberland*. The Duke of Cumberland, commander of the English army.

Line 15.—*Albin*. "The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands" (Campbell).

Page 159, line 24.—*Proud bird of the mountain*, etc. Explain the figurative language.

Line 36.—*Whose banners arise*, etc. It was on the battlements at Auchnacarry that the standard of the Pretender was first displayed in the Highlands.

Line 39.—*The blackness of ashes*, etc. A prediction of the burning of the castle referred to above.

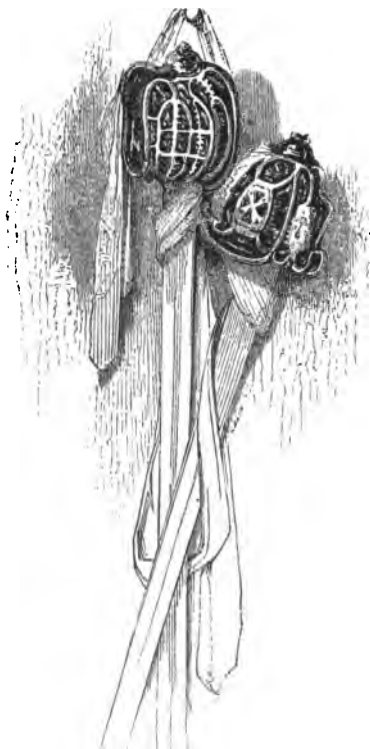
Line 50.—*Clanranald* and *Moray* were noted Highland chiefs who joined the Pretender.

Page 160, line 55.—'*T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore*. What the Scotch called "second sight," or prophetic vision.

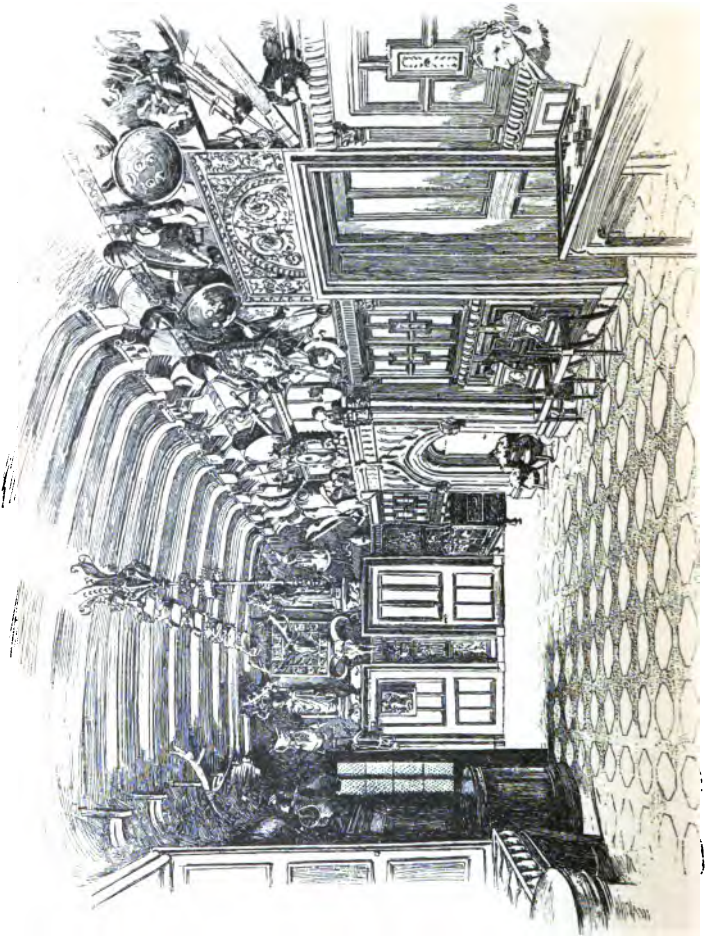
Lines 59, 60.—*Lo! anointed by Heaven*, etc. "The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer" (Campbell). He was

a fugitive for five months in the Highlands before he eluded his pursuers and got on board a French vessel.

Line 69.—*Ah, no! for a darker departure is near.* The gloomy predictions of the seer in the lines that follow were not fulfilled. They are evidently added for poetical effect.



SWORDS FROM CULLODEN.



ENTRANCE HALL, ABBOTSFORD.

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OLD GATE, HOLYROOD.

TO TEACHERS OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS.

COURSES OF STUDY IN SHAKESPEARE.

ARRANGED WITH REFERENCE TO THE TIME TO BE DEVOTED TO THE STUDY OF THE POET, AND ALSO TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE LEADING COLLEGES AS A PART OF THE PREPARATION FOR ADMISSION.

THE attention of classical teachers is called to the fact that certain plays of Shakespeare are now *required* by most of our leading colleges as a part of the preparation for admission. HARVARD COLLEGE (followed by DARTMOUTH, TRINITY, and WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY) specifies *Julius Cæsar* and *Macbeth* for the examination of 1886, *Julius Cæsar* and the *Merchant of Venice* for 1887, *Julius Cæsar* and *Twelfth Night* for 1888, and *Julius Cæsar* and *As You Like It* for 1889. BROWN UNIVERSITY requires the same, except that the *Merchant* is omitted for 1887, and *Julius Cæsar* and the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* are added for 1890. WILLIAMS COLLEGE follows Harvard for 1886 and 1887, no announcement being made as yet for 1888, etc. AMHERST COLLEGE has the same requirements for 1886 and 1888, but substitutes *As You Like It* for the *Merchant* in 1887. TUFTS COLLEGE follows Harvard for 1886, 1887, and 1888, with the omission of *Julius Cæsar* in 1886. BOSTON UNIVERSITY follows Harvard for 1886, the only year announced. THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT requires only *Richard III.* for 1886, and *Julius Cæsar* for 1887.

A glance at the catalogues and calendars of other first-class institutions throughout the country will show that the majority of them are also requiring a knowledge of these English classics for admission to their privileges.

Mr. Rolfe often receives letters from teachers asking what plays he would recommend for school use, and in what order they should be taken up. The *Merchant* was the first play he edited for schools, because he regarded it as, on the whole, the best to begin with; though for *classical* schools he would prefer *Julius Cæsar*, which, as shown above, is required *every year* by the great majority of the colleges. If *two* plays can be read, the *Merchant* and *Julius Cæsar* may be commended, or either of

these, with *As You Like It* (or *Macbeth*, which is the shortest of the great tragedies and the best for an ordinary school course). For a selection of *three* plays, take the *Merchant* (or *Julius Cæsar*), *As You Like It* (or *Twelfth Night* or *Much Ado*), and *Macbeth*. One of the English historical plays (*King John*, *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, Part I., or *Henry V.*) may be substituted for the second in the list, if preferred; and *Hamlet*, which is about twice as long as *Macbeth*, for the latter play, if time permits and the teacher chooses. If a *fourth* play is wanted, add *The Tempest* to the list. *Macbeth* and *The Tempest* together (4061 lines) are but a trifle longer than *Hamlet* (3929 lines), and can be easily read in the same time. For a *fifth* play, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, or *Coriolanus* may be added; or, if a shorter and lighter play is preferred, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, which, in a course of five plays, might well be put first, as a specimen of the dramatist's early work. A course of five plays, arranged with special reference to the illustration of Shakespeare's career as a writer, might be this: *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* (early comedy); *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, Part I., or *Henry V.* (English historical period); *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, or *Much Ado* (later comedy); *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, or *Lear* (period of the great tragedies); and *The Tempest* or *Winter's Tale* (the latest plays, or "Romances"). For a series of *six* plays, instead of one English historical play take two: *Richard III.*, *Richard II.*, or *King John* (earlier history, 1593-1595), and *Henry IV.*, Part I., or *Henry V.* (later history, or "history and comedy united," 1597-1599). For a series of *seven*, insert in the list either *Romeo and Juliet* (early tragedy) before "early history," or the *Merchant* (middle comedy) after "early history;" and for a series of *eight*, include *both* these. *Henry VIII.* could be added to any of the longer series as a very late play, of which Shakespeare wrote only a part, and which was completed by Fletcher. *The Taming of the Shrew* may be mentioned incidentally as an earlier play that is interesting as being partly from another hand than Shakespeare's.

Certain plays, like *Cymbeline*, *Othello*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, are not to be commended for "mixed" schools or classes, but may be used in others at the discretion of the teacher.

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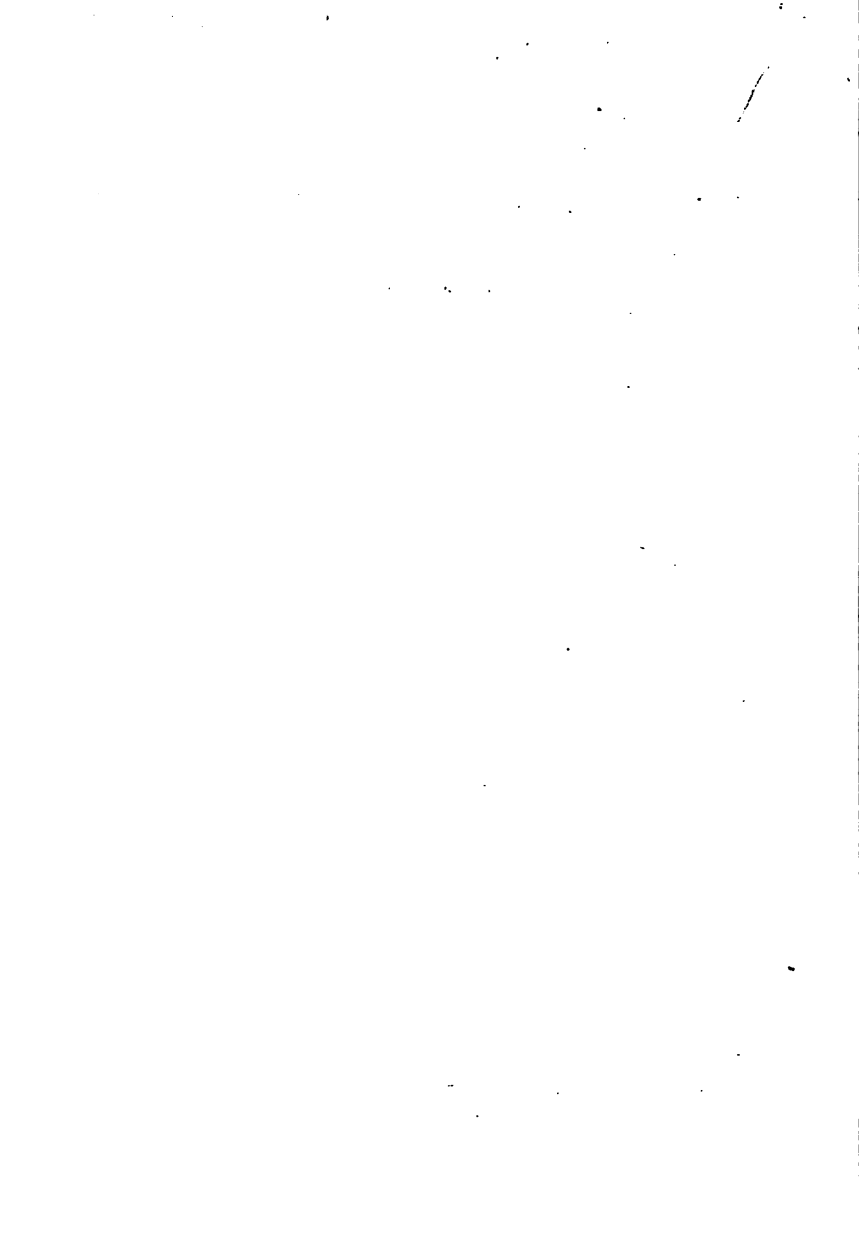
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